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INTERNATIONAL

**H&E**

**MONTHLY**

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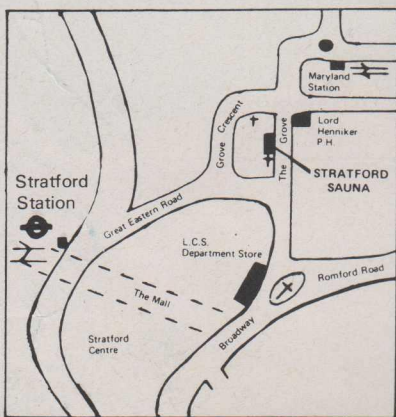
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Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review and Vim. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by, national associations, clubs or other organisations.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to the mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

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### EDITORIAL

## Home Naturism this Winter?

For those of us who live in the Northern hemisphere, October brings an end to our naturism. Many will wait until next summer before daring once again to remove their clothes in a naturist context.

But is this necessary? Today, some groups exist where naturism is a year-round business. Many clubs have arrangements with their municipal swimming pool where a couple of hours every week during the winter are reserved just for them. If you do not already enjoy this fun, why not open negotiations with your Baths Manager? Most of them will be glad of your pennies—things are tough in the Baths Management business these days—especially in winter.

Other groups meet at home. One London Club without grounds of its own has made a practice of meeting indoors since its start. I learnt only recently that it has a history stretching back many decades. In the summer they visit outdoor clubs. And, not so many years ago, another London Club met nowhere else but indoors—in the heart of the city. Weather meant nothing to them so long as their sun lamps kept working.

Murray Wren, Editor

## Next Month

## SOUTH HANTS SUN CLUB

Near Portsmouth, on the south-east coast of England, lies one of the country's most popular naturist holiday resorts. It is known as the South Hants Sun Club. In 1978 the INF gathered there for their annual congress and we gave the resort some publicity then. Next month, however, Lance Ridgeway revisits the resort to bring you all the details in words and pictures. In the same issue we bring you all the best in naturist journalism and pictures of naturist activities in Europe and the rest of the world.





# SEASIDE OR



The ever growing nudist movement provides holiday resorts at both the seaside and the country. Which is the best? Lance Ridgeway has seen them all and here discusses their merits. First, look at your natural preference. If you were not a nudist, where would you holiday? Whatever the answer that is probably the best for your nudist holiday as well.



# COUNTRY ?







WE were standing on the beach at Montalivet. It was late June, but cold. 'I'm getting out,' I said to the sun-bronzed fellow beside me. 'I'm off to the warmth of the Mediterranean.'

'Go,' he said, 'join the flesh pots at Agde or the hoi polloi at Levant. You're welcome to the sybaritic joys of St. Tropez, but nothing will drag me from Montalivet.'

'But the sea is freezing. And the wind, it's straight from Iceland, or possibly the Pole—how can you stand it?' I could tell from his look I hardly deserved a reply. He looked up and down the shore line. He gazed at the high dunes. He even sniffed at the salt air.

'Montalivet,' he intoned, 'Montalivet is for real people. Montalivet is the ultimate, genuine Nativist experience. All the rest are imitations. Sure, there are days when the air is bracing. It can even rain now and again, but on the whole that is good for you. What are you? A Nativist or a pampered fellow traveller? Why, I can tell you in the early days back in the 1940s we would have given our right hands for a place like this. Who are you to knock it?'

I slunk away. Perhaps I was a deflector. Perhaps I would never attain the right status. However, I hate cold water. Have since a child. The Atlantic is cold. At almost any time. I quietly knocked out the stakes around the tent, wrote off the sun-bronzed fellow as a funny fanatic, piled everything into the car and got out. Agde—here I come.

Arriving at Agde, I was more than a little put out by the huge crowds, the dusty roads and the noise of building. I mentioned this to a fellow camper. 'It's nothing,' he said, 'down on the sand you see nothing of that. I hardly notice it. And yes, perhaps the camp site could be better, but you can't have everything in this world you know. Make the best of it. I come here every summer. Wouldn't be seen dead anywhere else.'

'You wouldn't even go to Montalivet?' I asked.

'Montalivet, Montalivet—where's that,' he replied. 'Do you mean that forsaken hell on the Atlantic coast? That rule ridden land of the Erotic Police? Not for me. Content here.'

I lazed around Agde for a few days. Enjoyed the warm sea, the nearby holiday town with its broad promenade, boats and beautiful girls. Enjoyed the Nativist resort too, in a way. But, for me, something was missing. Once again I was busy





pulling out the tent pegs, packing the car, paying the bill and hitting the busy N.108 bound for the Ardèche Gorge and its famous inland resorts.

That night I rested at La Conche. We ate in the farmhouse with a dozen other guests. A babble of languages. After, a table on the terrace, a bottle of red wine, the dying song of the cicadas and a youth at the next table strumming a guitar. This was it. The sun went down and we were left with the magical few moments of twilight. Heaven at last.

Later I visited other inland resorts—those along the Ardèche and the river Ceze. All in all I have to admit a bias for the country resort.

So how do you decide where to go for your holiday? My advice is to go first of all to the Mediterranean. Especially if you are young and like crowds. You have a choice of resorts. Agde is undoubtedly the largest. But you could also try the 'free beaches' of the Isle de Levant or Pampelonne near St. Tropez. In all of these you will find a cosmopolitan crowd. I believe that few





of them are concerned with the naturist way of life as a philosophy. Most have come for a lark. For fun. For the unusual joys of going naked among others doing the same. To look and to see.

Agde is probably the ideal place to go and see if you like nudism. But be careful not to judge naturism by Agde. If you are unhappy at Agde, don't blame it on the movement. Try at least one other resort. And for your second try go inland.

I would recommend one of the two Rans—Ran du Chabrier or the Ran du Château. I think both of these best represent the ideal inland resort and are so different from the brash, almost hectic, Agde as to belong to a different world. Both hug the banks of the river Cèze and both have a lot of greenery. And a lot of greenery is just what Agde has not. On the other hand, the river edges can be rough and a vast litter of stones. Agde has sand, even if a million bare feet have almost trounced the once proud dunes into the sea. The essential difference between the two Rans is that at Chabrier they try to keep as close to nature as possible. At the neighbouring resort they are not quite so purist.







Of course there are many other inland resorts, among them Le Romegas, Alpes et Soleil and several Austrian camps. In time you may get around to seeing them all. For if you are to add variety to your naturist holidays—and I say you should—then in the end you must visit some of the inland resorts. Whether you will ever be able to see them all is more doubtful, for nearly every year sees another opening. But then, every year sees more free beaches competing with the established resorts both seaside and inland.

There isn't room here to list the addresses of all the resorts mentioned. But the Club Directory has them. Write direct to the resorts themselves for details and brochures.

If you're a regular reader, get out your back issues! In the past H.&E. has published detailed articles about all the resorts mentioned here, with pictures as well, of course.

If you want a comprehensive list, with directions and addresses of all the clubs and resorts in Europe, then you should buy a copy of the International Naturist Federation Guide, available from the national organisation of the country where you live. Again, these addresses are given on H.&E.'s Club Directory page.





A woman with blonde hair is posing on a sandy beach. She is lying on her side, propped up on one arm, with her head tilted back and eyes closed. She is wearing a white beaded necklace. The background is a vast expanse of sand.

# THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE

Not everyone is a formal naturist. And you don't need to be to relish the sensuality of the nudist life. We all enjoy the pleasures of being warm, human and vibrantly alive in the sunshine. If a young woman, a model, is prepared to work hard with a photographer to produce pictures that reflect the ultimate in nudist enjoyment, we think her work worthwhile. How does the girl herself feel about it? We asked Stephanie and found an unusual story.





**I** DON'T know if Continental readers know Regent Street in London. It's a great cosmopolitan shopping area.

Last week I was on my way to see a photographer there. I paid the cabbie and stepped on to the pavement. Then I stopped—for I saw a little child, a waif.

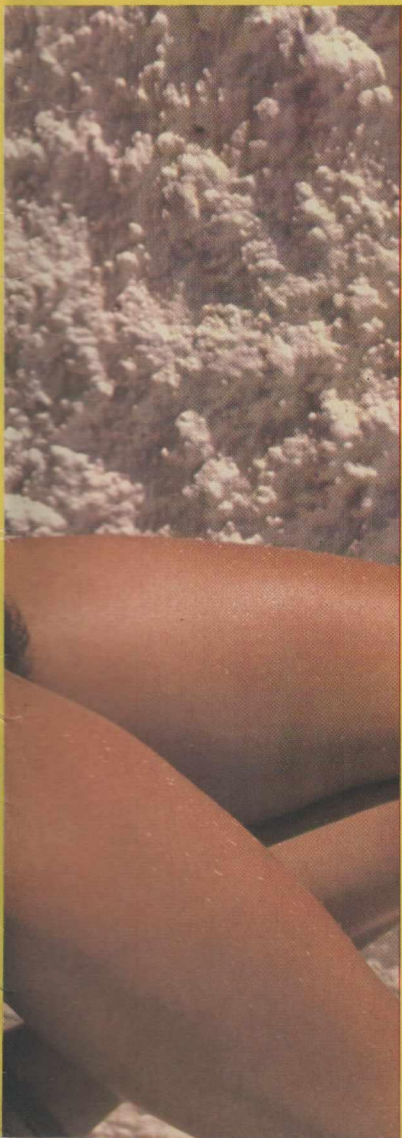
She was about twelve—a tall, skinny child, with hair in mousey strips around her grubby little face. Her huge eyes were staring into a shop window full of precious things—gold and onyx ash-trays and green Chinese soapstone horses.

The child was hungry for beautiful things. She reminded me so much of myself.

I was brought up in the East End of London. My father was always out of work and my mother nagging. So I used to disappear off down the West End.

I'd wander round for hours, looking in shop windows. I used to imagine I was a beautiful lady, getting ready to meet her beau. What should I wear? Later, he might even ask me to marry him.

He'd whisk me away for a honeymoon. I'd wander on then to the travel agent's windows. I'd look at the posters of faraway















places and start to dream.

There would be beaches—long swathes of golden sands, curling round magnificent headlands, sometimes with sea foaming at the base of the cliffs. The girls in the pictures were so brown. All they seemed to do was languish on the sand all day, rubbing fragrant oil into their skins. In the evening they would wear long gowns and drink ruby-red wine.

It never struck me for some time that the girls were models, paid to represent a fantasy world where all is perfect. I thought they were real, enjoying a life-long holiday.

Then I would turn away from the window and look at the people around me. They had such wonderful clothes, all the softest fabrics, all looking brand new. My ragged jumpers always had holes in them, my jeans were faded and patched.

I had no money to get home. I would stand in a station and approach a kindly passer-by. 'Please—I've lost my Mum and can't get home. Can you give me some money for my ticket?' Londoners are such kind people they would always help.

One evening I was looking in a travel agent's window and a voice said: 'What are you doing out on your own?' I turned round, a camera flashed, and he'd taken my picture.

'Don't be frightened,' he said. 'I'm doing a picture-story on London night-life.'

I didn't answer. I couldn't. For this man spoke in a soft, educated voice. He wore leather and smelt pleasantly of after-shave.

He laid a well-manicured hand gently on my arm. 'I say, are you all right?'

I nodded.

'Good. Now just stand as you were so I can take some more pictures. Turn your head to one side so I can see the expression on your face—that's it, terrific!' After that he went away.

I didn't know what to do. I had actually spoken to one of the wonderful mortals who inhabited the world of the well-spoken, the educated and the wealthy.

Then my mother saw the picture, six months later, in an old Sunday Supplement at the hairdressers. The photographer's name was at the bottom of the picture story.

Next day I rang the newspaper office and found the photographer's address. I got myself dressed up and went to see him in his studio. I took a copy of the magazine with me so that he would remember me.

I told him I wanted to be a model.







# THE NUDE ROMANCE OF SPANISH LANZAROTE

Stanley Bryan, our much travelled reporter, takes you on an exciting journey to a Spanish Island where nudity is spreading like a forest fire. This article is a must if you are contemplating exploring the Island. Stanley gives first hand information about the beaches, resorts and towns he visited and enjoyed. Let him be your guide.



**T**HE romantic daydream; end-of-pen chewing; staring into office space, perched high in one of the City of London's nastier glass eyrie's, with a soulless view of London Bridge. There are just the two of you lying in this secluded sand crater in some deserted beach. The sun is warmly smooth on your sun-tanned back and the miniglobules of sea water run down from her chin into the deep V of her breasts, which are invitingly encased in the most come-on sexy bikini. Her own body having been sun and oil massaged into a golden hue this seventh day into the holiday.

The pretences of clothes and make-up are shot away, and her clinging wet hair, exposing





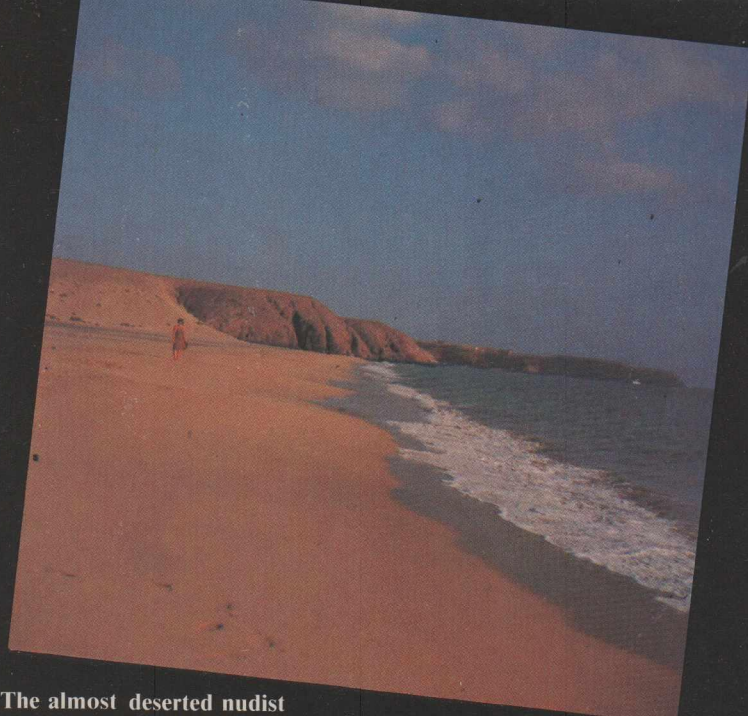
dainty ears, seems to give a third dimensional sensual quality, one of pure animal lust, with no iffing and butting. You have never seen Carol like this before. Oh yes, you have been to bed together fairly regularly since you started dating a month ago . . . but it took Lanzarote to provide every excuse under the sun for the ultimate in sexual togetherness.

Lanzarote does that to you. Quite as simply as that. Even the name, tripping off the tongue, would seem to conjure up the pulchritude of an Eastern harem, which was why you elected to try it from the mass of holiday bunff provided by your local travel agent. 'Yes,' he said, 'Lanzarote's getting very popular.

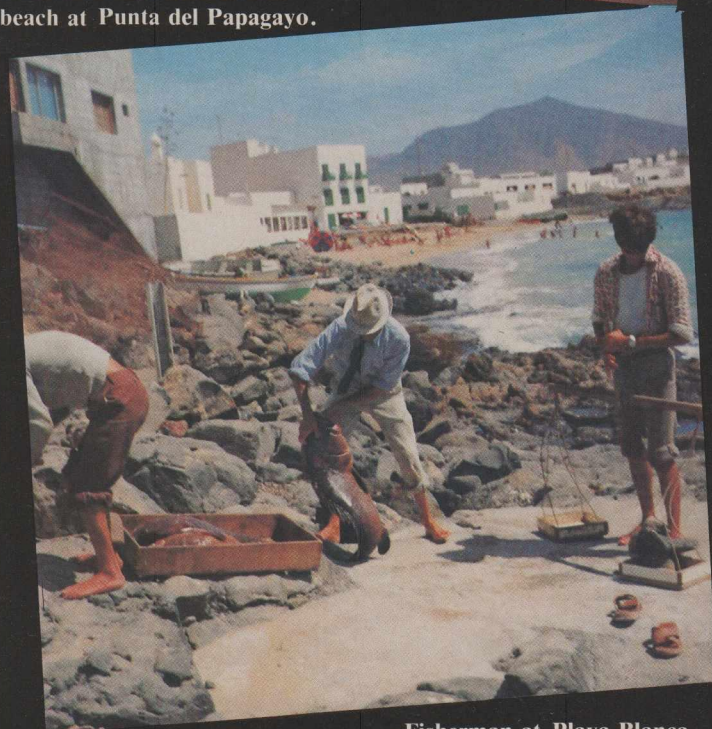
People are finding Puerto de la Cruz in Tenerife too crowded, and the weather too unreliable. It's becoming like another Majorca there. But Lanzarote, well, there's not much to do but eat, drink, sleep, swim and sunbathe. It's so quiet. . .'

So you stopped chewing your pen, plucked up enough courage to ask Carol if she'd come away with you on holiday for a couple of weeks, and were gratified by her single word answer. Not 'yes,' but 'when?'

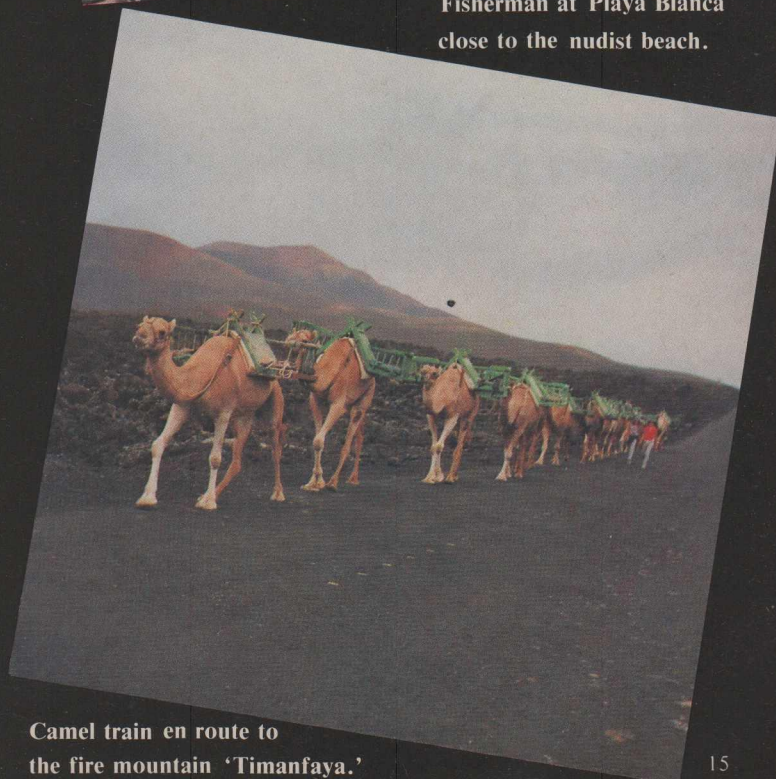
Lanzarote is the most eastern of the Canaries, permanently fanned by the Sirocco, the warm wind from the Spanish Sahara. The temperature varies only 10° from a 67°F low in Jan./Feb. to a high of 77°F in June, July and



The almost deserted nudist beach at Punta del Papagayo.

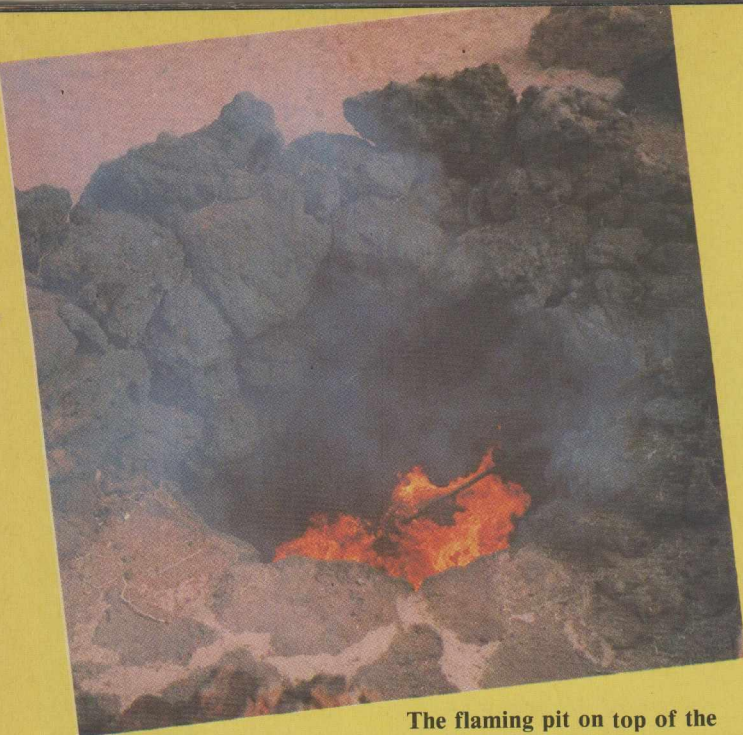


Fisherman at Playa Blanca close to the nudist beach.

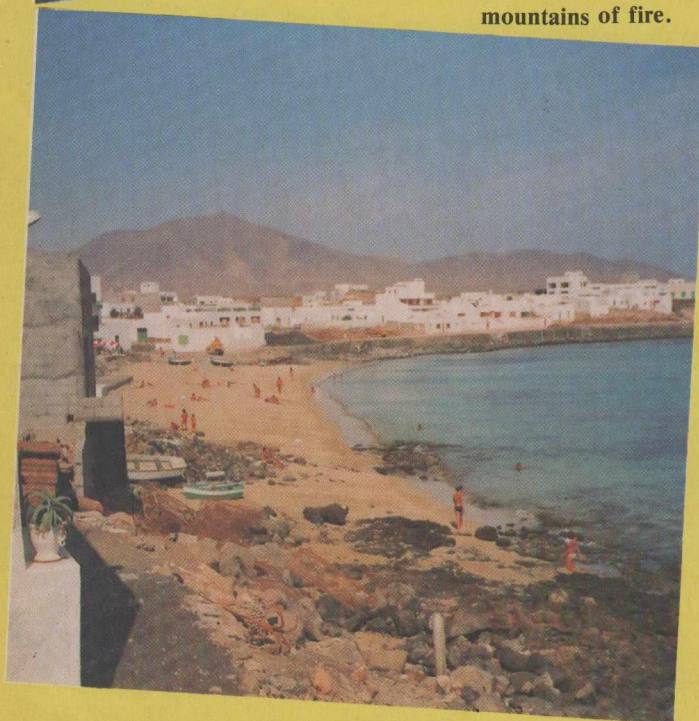


Camel train en route to the fire mountain 'Timanfaya.'

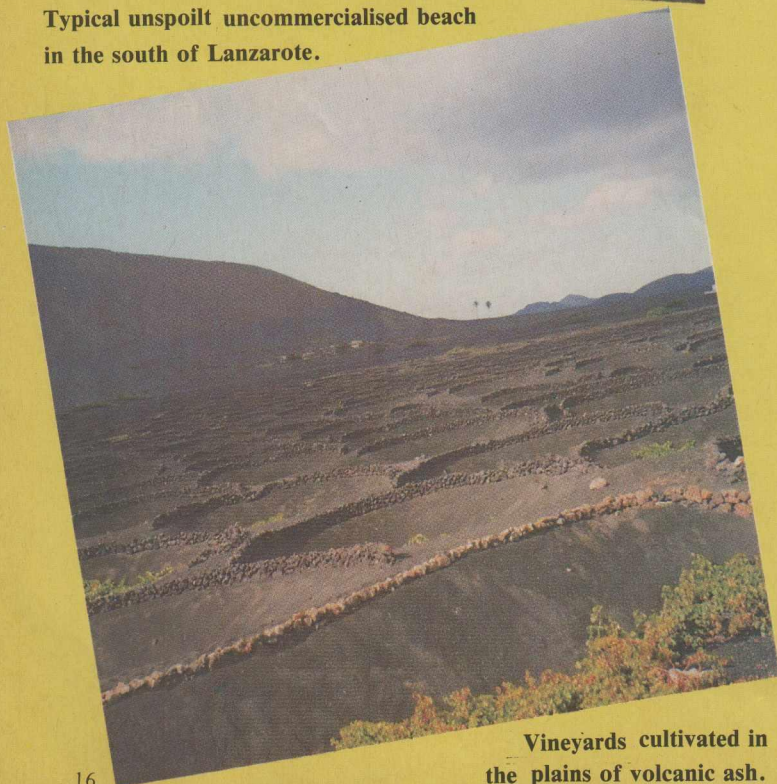




The flaming pit on top of the mountains of fire.



Typical unspoilt uncommercialised beach in the south of Lanzarote.



Vineyards cultivated in the plains of volcanic ash.

August. 2,000 flying miles south from Gatwick, Lanzarote is a strangely beautiful volcanic moonscape, pockmarked with *Malpais*, the black larva sand. It is 12 x 17 miles long and wide, a mere 61 miles off the African coast itself. The first thing you will want to do when you land is to get back in the plane again and come home.

It is rather like being de-camped in the desert, or America's Yellowstone National Park, with barrenness and huge rock configurations all around you. There are over 300 extinct volcanoes scattered throughout the island; the malpais (larva beds) and the picon; the black, but clean cinders which cover many beaches and much of the island's surface. Yet this only adds to the beauty and breathtaking scenery you will eventually discover if you hire a car and set off from the main asphalt roads and continue further down well-worn dirt tracks to any one of the dozens of secluded beaches. Secluded at any time of the year you want to find them!

#### Catholic strictures

Spain is now losing its Catholic strictness very fast indeed, and nowhere is that more apparent than on one of its islands such as Lanzarote. Yes, I took Carol there last July. The lead-in to this article is simply my own story of how I happened to go there, and the reason I shall be going this year. I believe in changing the partner and leaving the scenery alone!

These sort of holidays, in my view, are for the infatuation of a new fancy. Nude bathing and sunbathing has swept all parts of Spain like a prairie fire in the last couple of years. Old Spain hands, such as myself, just can't believe we're there at times! And it's not just a question of any particular beach, but *all* beaches. I was amazed to see the nude breasts of many German women fully exposed around the kidney-shaped pool of the 4-star San Antonio hotel at Puerto Carmen. At the moment bikini bottoms are staying on, but I wonder for just how much longer? They're 'off' on the beaches, in growing numbers, anyway. Of that there can be no doubt.

Well, what beaches? Not those around Puerto Carmen and adjacent Los Pocillos. These are the two trendy up-market touristy spots of the island, where prices are sometimes double those in Arriçife, the capital, and even more than the tiny village shops. Avoid these areas like the plague. Instead, take the road to the north-east, to La Garita (Watch-tower). Don't walk on to the

main beaches by the road, but take the other road following around the corner of the bay.

It won't be long before concrete gives way to picon, but persevere; and drive on, now at right-angles to the main beach. Between you and the sea are unending stacks of malpais, but don't let them bother you. You will come to a flat spot where cars can be parked. Stop there and then put your flip-flops on for gingerly treading your way over the black rock surface to the water's edge. As you get nearer you will see several little bivouacs where the rock has been turned out and built around the top as protection against prying eyes. 'Ugh!' will be your first reaction, but carry on. The water is lovely warm, sandy and shallow for about 200 yards. Up to your waist, with unfrightening rollers breaking over your head. It's the sort of beach you look at and shake your head with apprehension at first, then find out that you've been in the water over an hour, letting the sea toss and carry you, without having to worry about getting carried out of your depth. In these fox-holes couples strip off and spend the whole day without clothes.

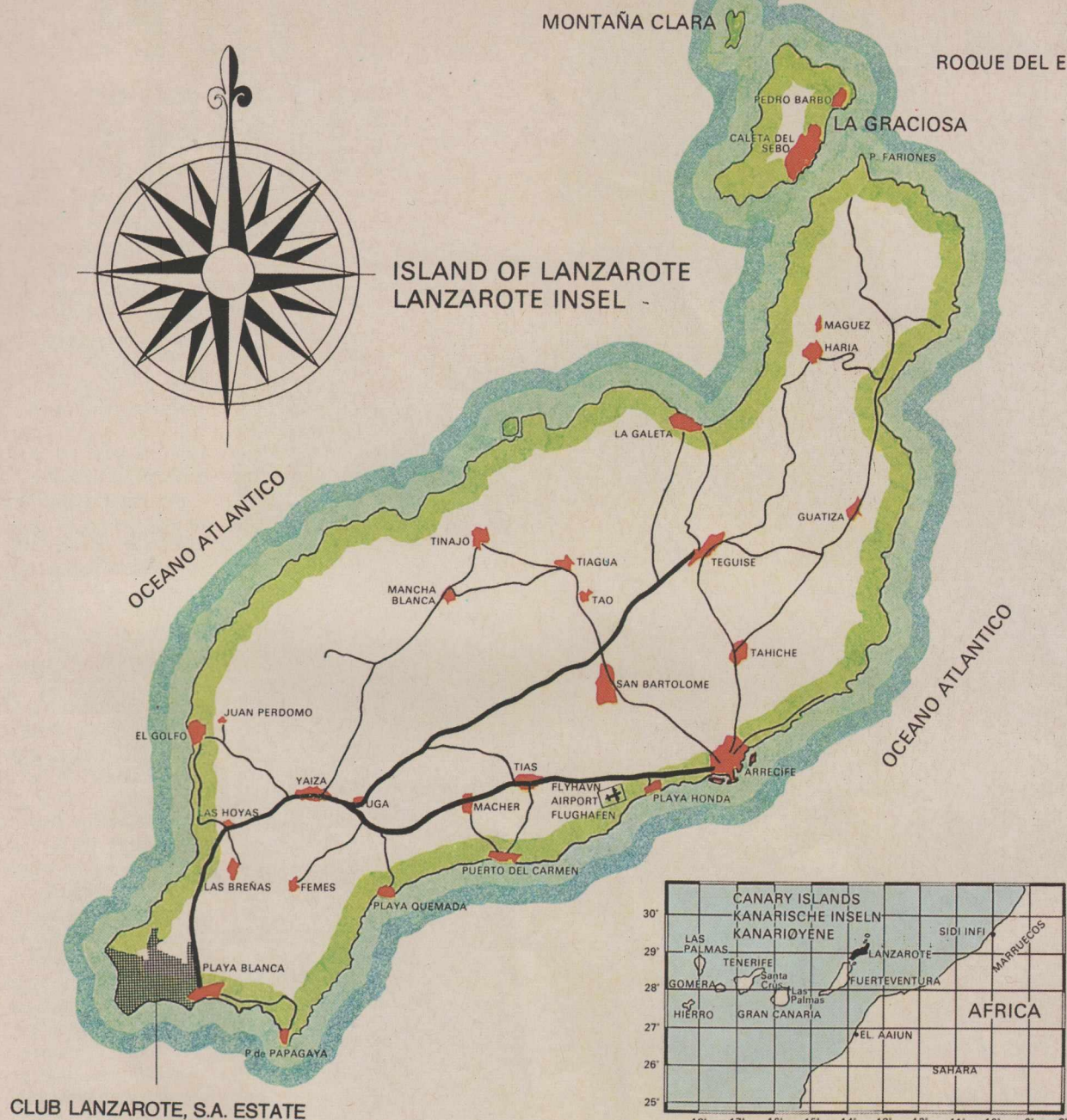
#### Playa Blanca

The backdrop of the mountain is magnificent and the privacy complete. At the other end of the island are the superb playas (or beaches) of Papagayos. Here again, press on through the town/tourist part to Playa Blanca, the White Beach. Walk along and along, past jutting out rocky promontories most people won't find too much difficulty negotiating. Here folks camp in tents, spending their days sunbathing, swimming and reading, and their nights making love. But you *must* persist. The best beaches are always those most difficult to reach. Otherwise they, too, would be crowded with families, children, dogs and coca-cola stands.

The beaches on Lanzarote's southern coast are not up to much, from the point of view of natural beauty and seclusion. Reducto is just a big 'Brighton' beach in the grimy capital town of Arriçife. On the south coast Playas Honda, Guacimete, Matagorda and Pocillos are very ordinary until you turn the point at Punta de Papagayos, leading to Playa Blanca, as I have already described, which is, incidentally, the longest beach of them all on the island.

Rounding up the west coast, past Punta Pechiguera, where the lighthouse stands, you come to a place called El Golfo. A little further on you will find Playa de





la Madera (Wood Beach) and Playa de Famara. This is the lush green part of the island. The beaches are found by walking down steep paths from the massive cliffs. Further on still you come to the northern tip, Punta Fariones, where there is a superb restaurant and viewing platform, with the little island of Graciosa just across the straits. Graciosa has two really fine beaches for sun-worshippers: Caleta del Sebo and Las Conchas. Ideal for day outings by boat and very sparsely populated. My second favourite beach, however, was back on Lanzarote, at El Risco or 'Cliff.'

The Gaunches, the original inhabitants of Lanzarote, were sun-worshippers. Their religion was purely naturist. They adored the sun, stars and the elements in

general. They worshipped certain monoliths of lava resembling twisted columns, to which they offered sacrifices of milk, honey, sheep-fat and beautiful young maidens, although their gods were asexual. Never represented either pictorially or plastically for which reason no vestiges of mythology can be observed in their religion. Like all primitives, they believed in spirits with influence over human life. Their society was patriarchal under kings called menceys.

A few more facts for the sun-seeker going to Lanzarote for the first time. The good news is that it is a Duty Free port; the bad that one has to pay for all drinking water as the island has no natural supply of its own. Sea water is desalinated in giant saucer-shaped plants which add

credence to the moon-like anthology of Lanzarote. If you are staying in a lush hotel then this won't worry you, but if you are in one of the villa complexes, dotted all around the coast, a litre of fresh water will cost you 25 pesetas. Food is not expensive, provided you keep out of Puerto Carmen and Pocillos. A massive T-bone steak will only set you back £3, and most other meat and fish dishes just £2.

#### Erotic dreams

My memories of Lanzarote will always be of the cooling Siroco, without which life would be unbearable there. Of nights spent touring over the island in search of little native bars and restaurants where people live extremely cheaply. Of trailing one arm outside the car door as

we explored La Geria de los Vinos, El Janubio, the fire mountain, or Timanfaya, a still simmering volcano, where guides pour water down wells to see it rejected in clouds of steam seconds later. Timanfaya last exploded on September 1st, 1730, and burnt for the following 19 days. Two other sights one really ought to see are the underground caves—Cueva de los Verdes—and Jameos del Agua, the underground pool or water caverns, where there is a nightclub, leading out to a superb pink and blue open-air pool.

I could go on, *ad infinitum*. I would just say this, in closing. Lanzarote is where your most erotic dreams can come true, provided they are of an earthy, natural sea/sun-seeking variety!



# FREE

THE Central Council for British Naturism, reviewing the 1979 Beach Campaign in the P.R.O.'s Report of 29/3/80, have amongst their conclusions:

'(1) Not enough correct information is known, by the public, about the naturist movement.

'(2) CCBN, with its strictly limited funds and voluntary workers, also has special difficulties in disseminating information because of its members' attitude to publicity.'

Among the recommendations of that Report we find such ideas as: 'Up-dated information should be spread as soon as possible. . . The aid of local clubs and societies should be sought. . . *Specific areas of beach should be requested.*'

Could it be that FREE-SUN books and booklets, and H. & E., are now recognised as actually HELPING the official campaign? They do have up-dated information, though no mention is made of the fact. Item 13 of 'Campaign Facts' merely states that: 'A major catalyst in the favourable decisions was the press coverage which we received. With very few exceptions, naturism was presented honestly—and often funnily—by each press source which was approached and many others. . .'

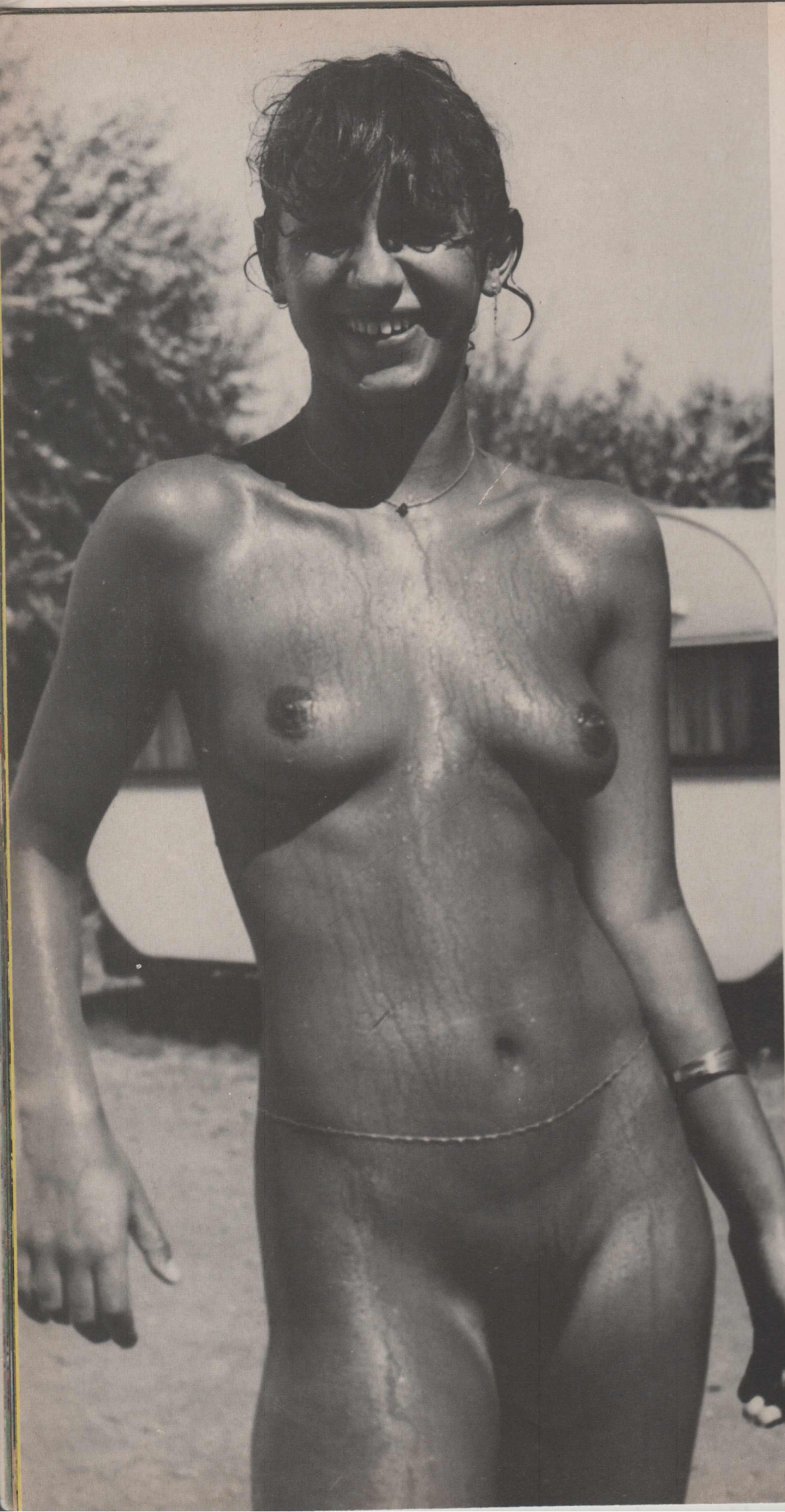
When your work has been received by some people with suspicion and hostility, it is good to hear from so many others who write to wish us well.

I did not get an Advertising Agency to invent the following lines. They were written by 28-year-old John and Lesley who live not far from Leicester:

'This letter is long overdue in thanking you for opening our lives into the joys of naturism. Not just for the pure benefit of the freedom of nude bathing, but also for the nationwide network of friends it has brought us.'

## Mainland Spain

Many correspondents seek advice about nude bathing facilities on the coastline of mainland Spain. I have little 'official' information apart from the details of Las Palmeras near Vera, confirmed by Free-Sun Friends who have stayed there recently and enjoyed it, but it is an inland Sun Club and some 8 Km from the nearest suitable beach. What of 'official' beaches?





# BEACHES and RESORTS IN SPAIN

Our free beach expert, Phil Vallack, continues his regular monthly feature describing his visit to Spain. The Costa del Concrete is now giving us naturist beaches and resorts — though the ambitious plans will take a few years to mature. So Spain gets a head start over Greece, but the question is, will they remain ahead?

A short while ago I had the chance to visit the Costa del Sol and explored the coastline south from Torromolinos, but had no chance to go north of there to sample the 'unofficial' FSBs of Roquetas or Playa da Vera.

If you stay at Torromolinos, near Malaga, in SE Spain, a plucked chicken in the market is the nearest you will get to anything nude. The only other nudity in this Spanish Blackpool will be found in the night clubs.

Every other workman on the Costa del Sol must be engaged in the building trade. Wherever there is space between existing high-rise blocks or clusters of villas, more buildings are under construction. The few remaining virgin plots have the inevitable 'Se Vende' signs (For Sale) and, doubtless soon will be obliterated by the biggest rash of catch-penny development I have ever seen.

Although there are pleasant National Parks not too far inland to conserve the natural way of life for plants and animals, there appears to be nothing similar to the National Trust in UK.

Until you get south of Marbella, the immediate view on either side of the motorway is mostly concrete. Even seeing the



Once this was the only safe place to go nude in Spain. Today it is spreading along the shoreline as well.

use of traditional wooden props while the cement on upper floors dries out becomes boring after the first hundred building sites. Only the mountains parallel to the coast road remain timeless and aloof. Pondering, perhaps, on the future of all these holiday homes when the petrol runs out.

## Accommodation

Four kilometres south of Estepona the ambitious dream of the Andalusian Nudist Association (ANA) is beginning to become a reality. It will take three or more years to complete, depending on the support it receives, but if all goes well it will be quite something. Permanent accommodation within a few yards of the 'free' beach for two thousand people. More naturists will eventually be able to use the nude camping site a little further up the valley. Day visitors will

find everything they need—from shopping within the Centre, to tennis courts, an open-air theatre, Olympic sized pool, etc.

By September 1980 they expect to have about 100 of the little villas ready for occupation. The beach, I was told, would be open to day visitors from April 1980. There was not much to see, when we called, apart from the activities of the builders. A huge crane, lorries and the raw materials of construction. A model in the office shows the concept is more intimate than the massive apartment blocks at Agde. Individual dwellings, with trees giving privacy, rather than vast hotel type buildings. One of these two-storey buildings, fully furnished, can be inspected on the site.

Mario Gotardi showed us over it. Many of the space-saving ideas of a good caravan combined with the extra roominess and feeling of

a solid building. Upstairs the 'open' bedroom leads to a sun-trap balcony, and you have your individual parking space and tiny garden outside. We were impressed by the quality of woodwork etc.—and by the enthusiasm of Senor Gotardi, the 'Coordinador de ventas' of Costa Natura.

If my arithmetic is correct, to buy one of these naturist homes, freehold, would cost about £23,000. They will, of course, be available to rent for shorter periods when sufficient are built. Another scheme is the 'Multi-ownership System' whereby you purchase a 'time-share' of a dwelling with the use of it for specific 15-day periods each year. In the second half of March, for instance, when we were there, we could own a mini-villa like the one we saw, for the period 15th-30th for 290,000 pesetas—about £1,930. You can sell your share at



any time or leave it in your will. Even if fate decreed the latter (any rich uncle please note), if two people used it for ten years, a fortnight's accommodation would have cost £100 each plus food and travel. If a party of four used the place, which would not be inconvenient with two beds convertible downstairs, for £50 each, it would be a tempting proposition for self-caterers. There would need to be some assurance of charter-rate air travel to Malaga, I think, to make us consider it seriously, but the coach services along the Costa del Sol from Malaga are certainly adequate and reasonable in price. When completed, Costa Natura will have every facility you could possibly wish to enjoy on a nude holiday—and the weather to go with it.

Good luck to them, anyway, and the air travel arrangements will be possible when it is a going concern, no doubt, with the numbers to justify. So often, to so many other places, small naturist units travel on their own at considerable inconvenience and increasing cost. As communication between naturists improves, one of the possibilities will be groups combining if only for travelling at more economical

rates. Once a destination is reached, whether the individual groups meet up again, or go their separate ways, will entirely depend on circumstances.

The Naturists of Andalusia have overcome, in a practical way, the reluctance of the Spanish authorities to designate beaches for nude bathing on those parts of the coastline already 'textile.' By offering to 'develop' their own 'urbanisation,' with adequate screening, they have obtained approval.

### Playa da Vera

They will also be creating a similar Centre on the Playa da Vera near the nude Camping of Las Palmeras. I doubt if we can expect to see much provision for Naturist Tourism on the coastline between these two complexes which will be over 350 Km apart. Perhaps the 'unofficial' nude bathing at Roquetas will receive the blessing of those in authority. I hope so very much—and that the rumoured designations at Alicante and Santa Pola are proved to be fact—for not everyone likes the 'big' complexes, and Spain needs to win back the confidence of naturists who prefer wild coastline.



Spain still has very few public beaches where the nudists can play, but where they exist there is plenty of room.



Do you think we still have to use sun oil when we are as brown as this?

At least, by concentrating naturist activity to Costa Natura and Playa da Vera, the Andalusians have succeeded in getting nude leisure accepted as one of the attractions of the Costa del Sol. We must welcome this way out of the 'Spanish Problem' and wish them success in bold financial gambling.

### Natural state

We must also hope that at least some of the coastline not yet part of the Costa del Concreto is preserved for natural use in a natural state.

### STOP PRESS

Since Phil wrote this, we've had more news of Costa Natura, near Estepona.

The latest, at the time of going to press, is: 4 villas are now fully complete, not the 100 envisaged. The beach is in full naturist use, but Costa Natura make a charge, as you are entitled to use the other facilities on the site.

Many naturist holiday firms are taking bookings for holidays at Costa Natura.











# THINK ABOUT THE OLD FOLK

We naturists like to think that we have less hang-ups than most people. But the correspondence Susan Mayfield receives suggests we are little different. The problems of bereavement, age and loneliness are common to all mankind. So too are the problems generated by feelings of inadequacy and sexual guilt. Not to mention all the other ills. Susan lends a sympathetic ear, and gives sound advice.

**S**HE had long honey-coloured hair, the ends cut neatly in a straight line, descending over her brown shoulders. Her little breasts pointed daintily upwards, her waist was narrow and slender and her hips were perfectly rounded. One elegant ankle sported an expensive gold chain. When she sunbathed at the club she was soon surrounded by admirers.

She was young, female, rich and popular. She had no problems.

But what about the older people in the naturist movement? The lady widows of club members will be happily kept in the fold. But when the chap is left on his own, he's often politely told: 'Sorry—no single men in the club.'

At a time when a bereaved person needs all the friends he can get, this rejection can come as a cruel shock. Can I make a plea here to club secretaries to get the rules changed?

In Britain, people over 65 consist of 20% of the population and, with improved medical care, this percentage increases. We'll all be old one day—after all, one must either grow old or die young. We ought to look after our old folk more. They are often fit into their eighties, enjoy light duties round the club and watching over the children.

A letter came from Cornwall: 'In 1963 my wife fell ill and became an invalid requiring nursing, mostly by me. I'm not complaining, as one marries for better or worse. The end came last month, after a long illness. I am 68 years of age and would still like to be a naturist. Clubs won't

*accept unattached males as members and at 68 I feel unable to seek out beaches where I could practice on my own. Where in the world would I find a lady of comparable age to team up with me in order to form a club? I couldn't start a group independently. I am by nature an introvert and afraid of making advances, so where do I go from here? You may pour scorn on my fears and phobias, but after 17 years cut off from normal social life, it's hard to pick up again.'*

Your wife only died a month ago, but you've realised the impetus to make a good social life must come from yourself. You've made a good start already by looking around you and considering what's to be done. Only—take it slowly. Give yourself a chance. You can't get over a bereavement very quickly. It may take as long as two years.

So first—get down to your local Darby and Joan club. (These clubs always contain more women than men and you never know your luck!) When you are used to everyday social exchanges with both men and women, ask them if they've ever visited a naturist beach. Then take it from there.

You could also write to Phil Vallack, our free beach expert—he'll know of any beach clubs in your area. And if you can travel, visit Eureka club. They welcome all comers there. Both addresses are in the club directory.

#### Amateur artist

Another elderly single:

*'I may venture to Eureka this summer. I also propose taking one of your advertised tours, either to France or Yugoslavia.'*



*Being a widower and an amateur artist, I should find it exhilarating and novel. I am not without resources and would willingly pay the expenses of anyone wishing to holiday with me at a naturist resort. I am five feet eight inches tall and 65, but still considered presentable and good-looking.'*

I'm so glad to hear of your holiday, which you may well have had by now. I'm sure you've not had to offer expenses to anyone. In my experience, naturists are friendly folk and like to take singles under their wings. Being able to draw and paint, you'll have plenty to talk about.

Ladies are often willing to talk about naturism if you approach the subject with wit and verve. A gentleman from Bavaria:

*'I am a childless widower of 65 and sympathise with naturism,*

*though, frankly, I'm too old, too fat and have far too sensitive a skin to join in! I have a number of women friends and asked them their views on 'topless' bathing. Only one lady thought bikinis were quite revealing enough, all the rest, aged between 20 and 68, thought there was no harm in it. One of my problems is deciding how far to go with new women friends. Some would object to a chaste kiss, others would go much further. I'm not a nasty old man, on the contrary, quite willing to marry again. (My own father remarried aged 71, to a woman of 35). People do think that if an elderly widower admits he likes women he's just an old sex maniac! No! Not if, like me, he treats women as friends and equals.'*

Remember that although your skin may be sensitive, you're

never too old or too fat for naturism—or anything else, it seems!

Back to the young. Regular readers will remember the young man who wrote anxiously about his lack of inches last month. He writes again:

*'I took your advice and accepted my friend's invitation to go out with his girlfriend's best friend. I found my date tall, slim, attractive, kind and VERY UNDERSTANDING! After a week or two we met alone and, after making love, I asked her outright if my penis was too small for her. She told me not to be silly, I was just the right size for her. I thought she was just being kind, but she insisted that she meant it. I felt good when she said that. I want so much to satisfy her sexually because she cares so much about my feelings. Do you think she would mind if*

*I ask her where she would like me to touch her? Can you give me any practical help to stop me reaching a climax too soon?'*

I could do, but do you really need it? It's my bet that by the time I reply you will have sorted these things out and moved into a fresh realm of exploration.

When two people care about each other, and are frank with each other, their closeness makes sex satisfying. Working out the technicalities only adds to the adventure! Remember that it's your life. What makes you two happy is all that matters. Enjoy yourselves!

A young man who seems to know what he wants. He writes:

*'I want to have my penis circumcised. I have been considering it for quite a while and am now definitely decided. The problem is, who will do it? I'm not too keen to see my G.P. about this as the operation is not medically necessary and I'd prefer a doctor in private practice. Can you suggest someone?'*

Did you see our very informative article in the June issue? (Vol. 81, No. 6). The question is discussed most thoroughly. Whether you want to speak to your G.P. or not (why don't you?) you'll have to ask him to recommend a surgeon for it. I've no doubt you'll get the operation done easily enough if you are prepared to pay, as circumcision is quite simple and routine.

I think you must seriously analyse yourself about why you want the operation done. If it is a matter of grooming your body as you see fit, of course, that is up to you. But if you think it will make you more attractive to women, you'll find they won't even notice you've had it done! And you can't change your mind again afterwards.

And now a lady with a health problem, although she doesn't write herself:

*'At my club, some years back, was a woman in her thirties who never took her shorts off. Most of the other women were nasty about it, so I asked the woman as nicely as I could, what was the trouble. She confessed to a terrible itching. She was afraid people would pass remarks about it. I persuaded her to let me look at her and she was red-raw. It turned out to be the most terrible case of crab-lice. We cured it after a while and then I explained to the other women members. The next day quite a few of them had shaved their pubic hair. I have had all the remarks about looking like a plucked chicken but clean skin keeps clean.'*

I found it hard to believe that a



Room must be found in all clubs for the old as well as the young.







naturist lady would be too shy to seek treatment for her itching. I have not published the part of your letter describing how you got rid of the lice as it sounded needlessly tedious and painful. All you need to do, should anyone be so afflicted, is to go to your chemist and ask for a treatment for pubic lice. You will be given a chemical that you paint on; it kills the repulsive little creatures quite quickly. No prescription is necessary.

Crab-lice are caught from close physical contact with another infected person, or by using their towels, bedding or clothes. There's no shame in catching them but there's certainly shame in keeping them! Pubic shaving doesn't make you any cleaner—only soap and water can do that! Seriously, a survey showed that less than half of the population wash themselves below the waist every day, probably because parents are too shy to talk about such personal things to their children. We still have a long way to go in the field of sex education.

On a lighter note: an anonymous reader sent me a long and detailed story about the escapades of two girls on their school playing fields. It obviously gave him great erotic pleasure to write it. I hope he won't be too distressed to hear that I threw it in the office waste-paper basket!



Relaxing at the Woodlands Club near Coventry, England.

## FREE SUN BEACH NEWS

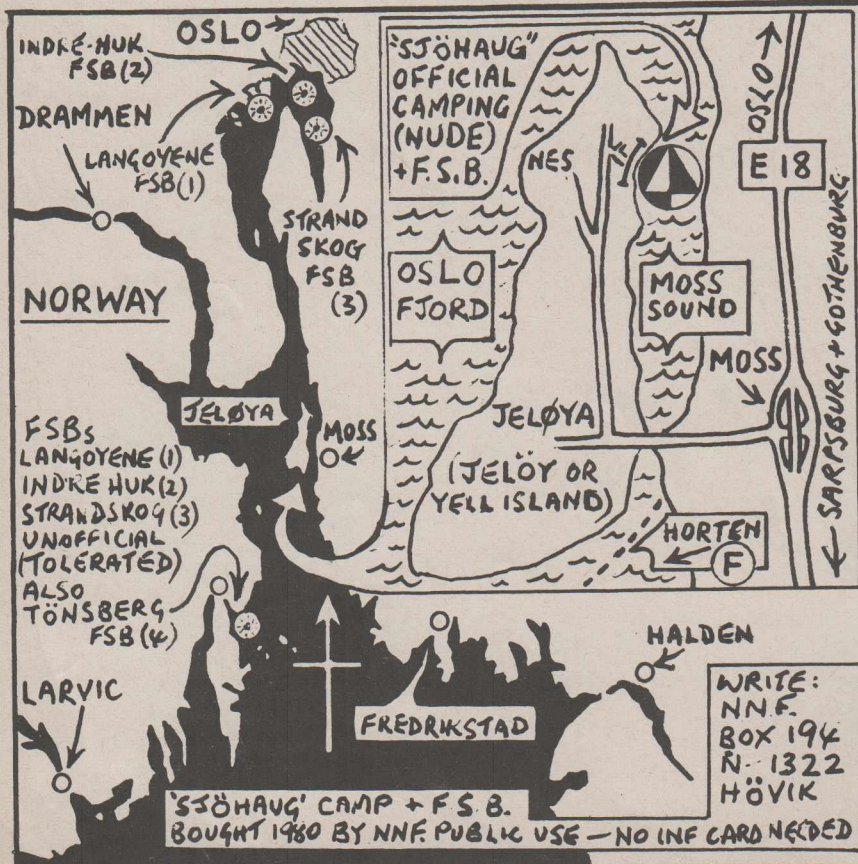
### NORWAY—YELL ISLAND

NORWAY'S first OFFICIAL Free-Sun Beach, surprisingly enough, is not one of the three popular parts of coastline used unofficially near Oslo. Neither is it the beach at Tönsberg which many thought the authorities would designate between 'Monstranda' Camping and 'Verdens Ende' 120 Km south of Oslo.

The new beach, a quarter of a mile long, is on Yell Island (Jelya) and part of a holiday camp which Norwegian Naturists have bought for £135,000. Additions will be made, but the 12½ acre property already contains three large houses with many outbuildings. Together these provide several large common rooms, 16 dormitories with space for 150 beds, a sanatorium, kitchens, toilets and a meeting hall big enough for 1,000. Water and electricity are connected up, as is mains drainage.

Plenty of room for caravans and tents and outside recreation. It is to be for PUBLIC use and not restricted to INF card holders only, as at Halden. Formerly used for children's holidays, the place is called 'SJÖHAUG' (pronounced something like 'Shur-how-goo') and it is easy to reach by road from MOSS on the mainland 6 Km away.

Obviously a 'must' for any naturists on the Oslo-Sweden route, but try and spend a few hours at Indre Huk or Langoyene Island while in Oslo itself. They have great charm.





# FORM YOUR OWN CLUB IF YOU CAN

## PERSONAL VIEW

Many of us have toyed with the idea of forming our own club. But how many have tried? One who did, David Halsey, describes his progress to date. Readers outside Great Britain should know that before a club can use land, permission has to be obtained from local authorities. While the authority should decide strictly on the merits of the application, many naturists find that personal prejudice, especially in country districts, is likely to be an important factor and can sway a neutral committee.

**W**E have always been basically a naturist family. This does not mean we belong to a club because we don't. We live in secluded surroundings and so when the weather is hot we don't need clothes.

For some time we had been talking around the idea of setting up a caravan and camping site on our land; this had never reached further than the discussion stage as none of the family were prepared to sacrifice their peace or privacy. However, when the subject came up again we realised we had found a breed of people who respect other folks' privacy because they value their own. Our headache was born!

During December plans were drawn and discreet enquiries made. The result of our enquiries seemed encouraging, our local councillor even being full of enthusiasm for the project; this attitude was later to be reversed. We also had letters from the South East Tourist Board and the C.C.B.N. offering their support. So application was duly made to the Local Authority for planning permission for a naturist camping/caravan touring site.

After about three days we had a call from the local paper. Would we please grant them an interview with photographs etc.? Not b... likely. 'Well, it's like this, Mr. Halsey, either you give us the facts and generally co-operate or we will write the story using any 'facts' we happen to be able to dig up!' We co-operated!

Articles appeared in both our local newspapers with monotonous regularity for the next few weeks, initially causing us considerable annoyance and embarrassment. However, it is surprising how soon one becomes hardened to this.

During this time we did have one small achievement with which we were quite pleased. Whilst being interviewed on the subject of naturism by one



David Halsey tells how he opened his grounds to the H. & E. Photo Club. Here is a picture taken that day.

reporter we pointed out that he could not really write an objective article on a subject in which he had no experience. The result of this was that he and his fiancée joined us at Dover Sports Centre for one of our weekly swimming sessions and in fact they came on several subsequent occasions. We think we can claim another couple of converts! It certainly made talking to him considerably less painful.

Now, in our village, we do not have a Parish Council but instead a Parish Meeting. This means that there are only two elected officials—a chairman and vice-chairman. Any person on the electoral roll is entitled to attend the meetings, have their say, and vote on all matters. Very democratic! The normal average number attending these meetings

is 10; on the day due for discussing the Naturist site we had no fewer than 54 plus press. Needless to say, the voting was overwhelmingly against us. Many reasons were put forward for not recommending approval of the project and they ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous, one reason being 'the danger to local people with foreigners driving back from the pub on the wrong side of the road.' Virtually all who spoke made the point that the reasons they were against the project had nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that it was a naturist site. We formed a rather different opinion.

The next step in the process was the Local Authority plans sub-committee. They had been bombarded with letters of protest and petitions, etc., also

some few brave souls wrote in to support the project. The result was once again an overwhelming vote against us.

Now I am not the type of person who takes kindly to being beaten. We had already suffered all the publicity and aggravations, so it seemed that we had little to lose by pursuing the matter. I was discussing the problems and possibility of appeal with some friends when one of them, an architect, offered to handle it for us. Away we go again!

Frank (the architect) drew up amended plans and all the relative arguments and submitted the appeal. At the same time he made a fresh application to the local authority on the basis of the amended plans. The re-application followed almost exactly the same path as the previous one. Smaller press coverage, outrage at the Parish Meeting, and finally refusal by the local authority mainly on grounds of traffic hazards.

So stands our position at the moment with the planning authority.

Shortly after the first burst of publicity, whilst thinking we were about to be left in peace for a while, we had a visit out of the blue from a gentleman who introduced himself as Peter Walker from H. & E. Oh no, I thought, more publicity, but no, he explained that he was looking for venues for the H. & E. Photo Club. After a chat we agreed and a couple of dates were arranged.

Some time later came the date for the first Photo Club. The event was due to begin at 11 a.m. The first photographer arrived at 9.0 p.m., another walked five miles from the nearest station. Such keenness! Once started, the film used would have prompted me to buy shares in Kodak if I had money to spare. Anyway, the sun shone and all passed off without incident.

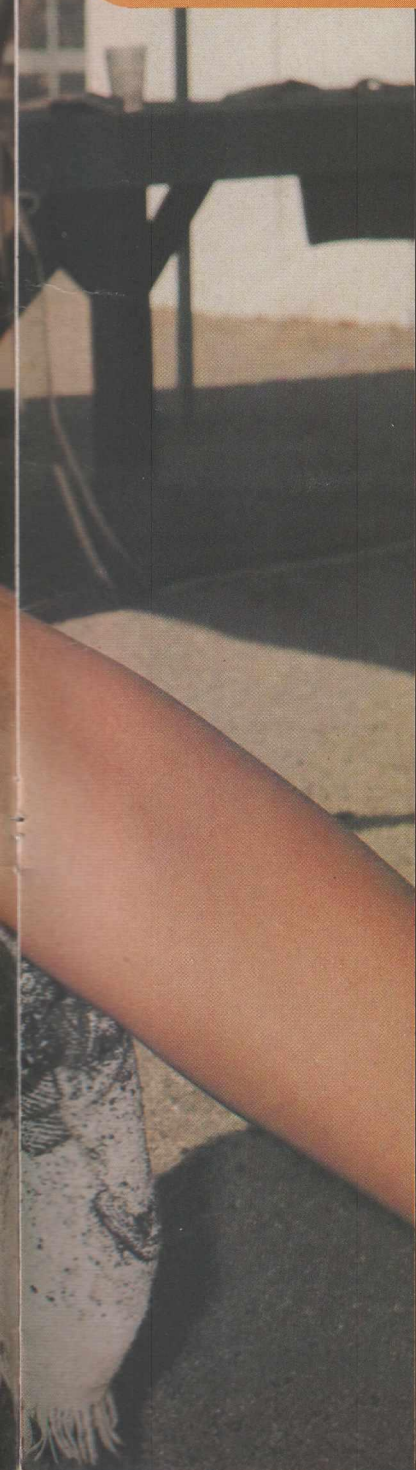






# **WAS IT REALLY ALL A DREAM?**

The Californian climate is ideal for fruit-growing. Oranges, lemons, peaches and grapes all flourish on the sunny hillsides. All the fruit, in fact, you would expect to find around the Mediterranean. The Californians are making their own wine too, and although French purists may be sceptical, it still tastes very good to us! Young women are often called, by men, the names of fruits. Veronica, a peach by any male standard, dropped like a plum into our laps — but she likens herself to a Californian orange . . .







**I** WAS a tiny bud, closed and white, hiding under the dark green shiny leaf of an orange tree.

The clear limpid air came in from over the ocean and the orb of the sun floated in a bowl of scorching blue. I felt myself turn towards that radiance, that source of all life on earth.

How could I stop my petals from opening? Tiny flower that I was, I wanted to open my arms to the sun.

At first I thought I wouldn't be able to stand the heat. My waxy white petals started to shrivel and die. But in my core was a tiny green fruit. And it started to grow.

The whole tide of life started to flow through me then. I felt myself swelling with the richness of life all around me. My skin became supple, changed to pale gold and then became a deeper, richer colour. I found myself drenched in perfume, slightly



acid but refreshing.

I woke. The sun was streaming through the window, warm on my face. The dream faded.

I slipped out of bed and padded naked to the living-room. The patio door was open and I could see the valley spread out, dark orange trees making a pattern on the hillside. The living-room table, and the bowl of fruit on it, was bathed in golden light.

I picked out a handful of warm oranges to squeeze for their juice. Instantly the fragrance of the fruit rose.

Of course my dream was symbolic of my love of naturism. For that's what happened to me in the sunshine—I changed from a shy, timid child into a woman.

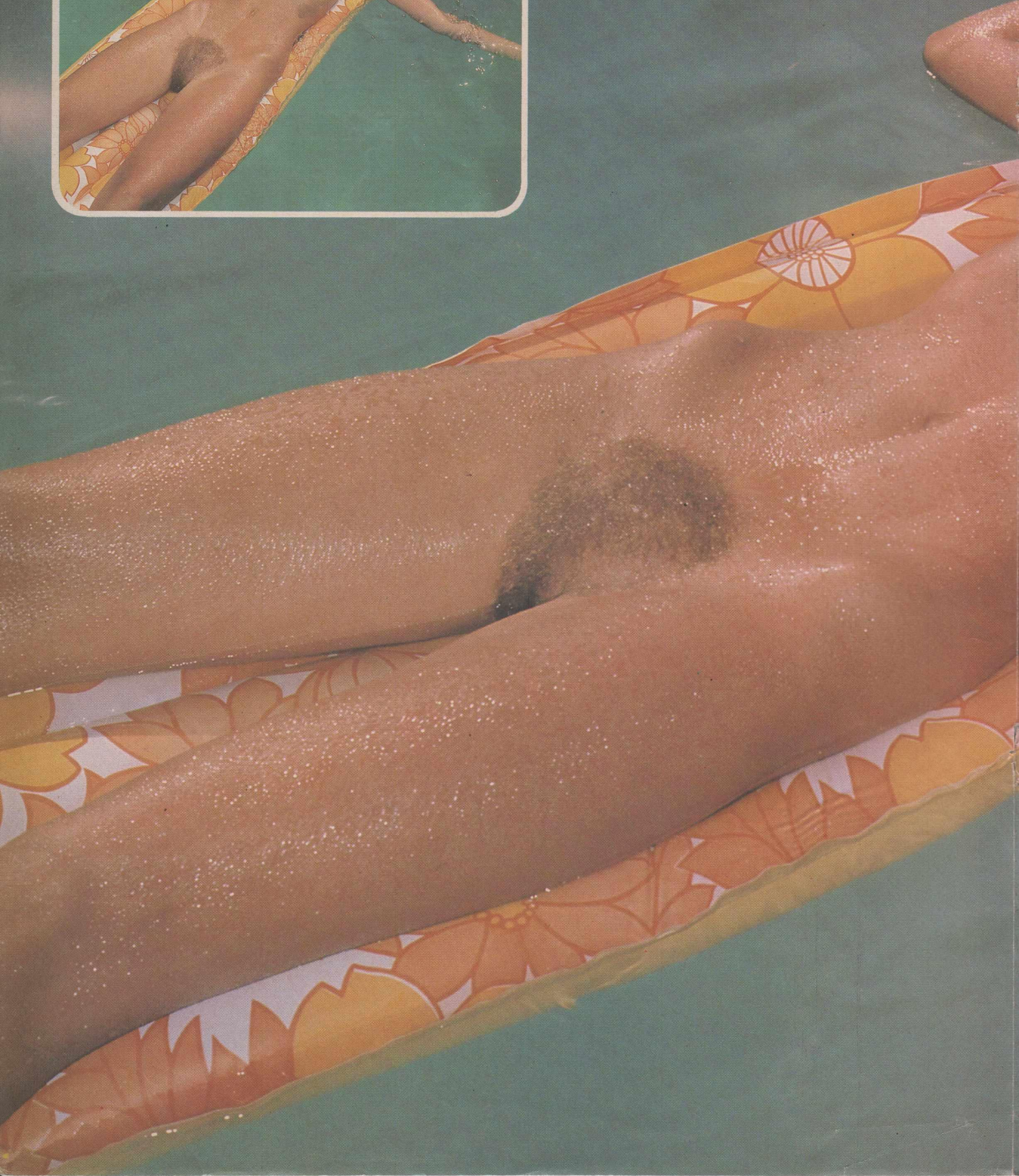
I've never told anyone about this dream of mine. After all, at the sun club we all romp around gaily in the sun and everyone would laugh at my silly fancies. They're an open and friendly crowd, but very down-to-earth.

But sometimes I climb out of the pool, rub myself down and lie to sunbathe. I fall asleep and softly on the air comes the scent of oranges from the grove down the hill.

I wonder what the others would think if they knew I was dreaming I was an orange ripening in the sun?









**H&E**





# AUSTRALASIAN NUDIST RALLIES

The Australian Nudist Federation's annual gathering was struck by a terrible tragedy, but in spite of this and the attendant publicity they staged one of their most successful get togethers. Charles Stewart, our reporter in Brisbane, brings you a brief account and pictures. Nearby, in New Zealand, all that bothered their National Rally was rain. For good measure, Wellington, where the rally was staged, added its own traditional wind. Perce Cousins brings you the words and pictures.

## THE AUSTRALIAN CONVENTION

**T**HREE of the more than 4,000 who dropped in on the Australian Nudist Federation's 11th annual convention chose a novel way of cooling off in the 35° heat—and made a spectacular entrance.

Joanne Kielbasa pulled her ripcord just in time when she and two companions sky-dived into the Bangalee Nudist Holiday Resort.

According to Miss Kielbasa she nearly mistimed her jump from 2,100 m. Although she is an experienced sky-diver this was the first time she had leapt out of a plane with only her parachute

pack.

She said the ground came at her much faster than usual. She had not realised how much the wind-resistance to her jumpsuit slowed her down.

But, apart from a slightly speeded-up heartbeat, Miss Kielbasa was none the worse for her first naked jump. And her graceful landing near the club's private airstrip on the banks of the Murray River kicked off the ANF's most successful convention ever on New Year's Eve.

During the next ten days nudists from all over Australia—and many from overseas—flocked to this exciting young club on the border between New



South Wales and Victoria.

As well as in the air, the club's owner, Frank, had laid on activities on earth and water. Competition was fierce in the inter-club and inter-state tournaments on the volleyball and mini-tennis courts.

On the water, the daily schedules were capped by some spectacular water-skiing demonstrations—all of which were enthusiastically covered by the convention's close-circuit radio station.

The weather, of course, was magnificent. The only cloud was not in the sky.

A couple of days into the convention, a seven-year-old girl managed to berth a powerboat with a gruesome cargo, only a few milometres upstream on the Murray.

The previous night her mother had failed to come back from a stroll near their bushland camp site. At first light father and daughter had taken the boat to look for her.





They found her naked body in the reeds, with its throat cut. The father managed to get the body on board, but had a heart attack.

He died as the frightened seven-year-old navigated the boat into the bank under the instructions of people who had heard her cries for help.

A local radio station reported that police believed the deranged killer had been attracted to the area by the nudist convention.

This was hastily denied by the police who visited Bangalee. But by then the report had been picked up and published by newspapers and TV stations throughout the country.

This incident did not put off the visitors to the convention. They kept on coming until a peak of 4,000 was reached.

But the murder was obviously a talking point. The more so because it is not the first killing in Australia associated with nudism.

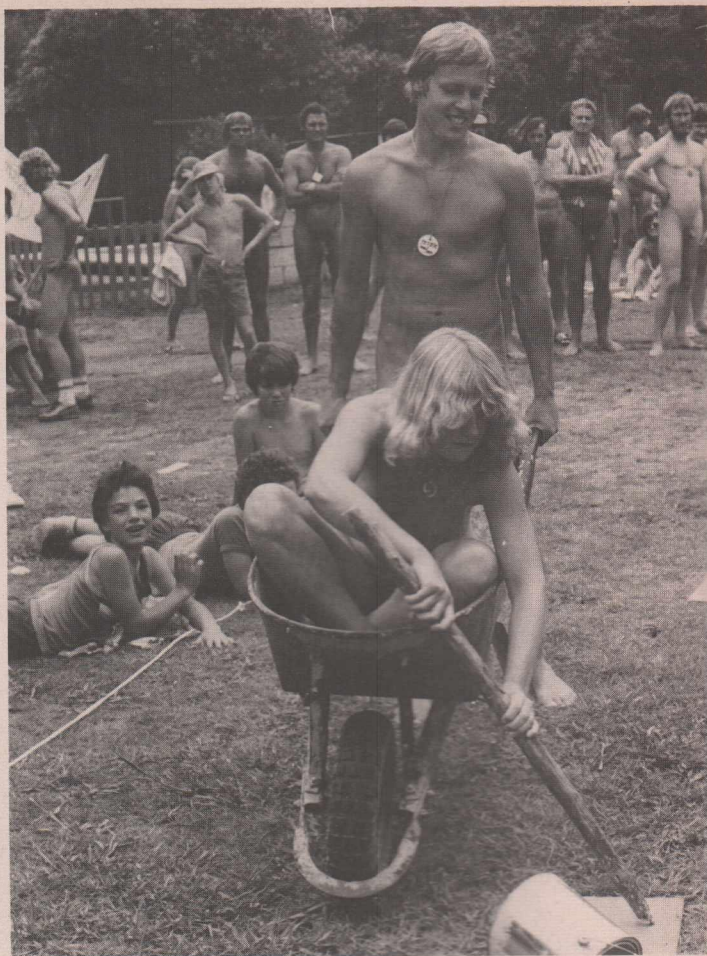
Earlier last year, the naked bodies of a young nudist couple







'This is more like it—the sun at last!'



Same all over the world, it's the kids who stick to their trousers.



In 'windy' Wellington where this meet was held, the citizens grab their hats every time they round a corner. In the end must lose them.





Happy gathering on the sun lawns down under.

were found bludgeoned to death on a deserted beach about 80 Km. south of Brisbane.

These murders are still unsolved, as are the three-year-old killings of a couple of young women on Shangri-La. This was then a nude beach, about 60 Km. north of Brisbane, but like many other similar beaches in Australia has been purged in a recent cover-up by the prudes.

But, although these murders were a talking point at the Bangalee Convention, they did not dampen the high spirits.

The daytime competitions became keener. The evening get-togethers grew more enthusiastic. And the multi-coloured mini-roadtrain was even more crowded with happy, squawking kids touring the mammoth site.

#### THE NEW ZEALAND RALLY

What do several hundred New Zealand nudists do when it rains and blows? In true British tradition they grin and 'bare' (?) it, although in this case the smiles were wearing a little thin at times and anything bared was in acute danger of assuming the colour of woad!

New Zealand's a small country

about the size of Great Britain, but with a well-established nudist organisation encompassing some thirty clubs. One of the traditions of this organisation, dating back to the early fifties, and now possibly unique in the nudist world, is the annual National Rally, held over the New Year holiday period at the grounds of one of the member clubs. These Rallies, too, have a traditional format, with the day prior to the opening given over to the A.G.M. of the parent organisation, attended by the National Executive and representatives from all the clubs. The five days of the rally itself are devoted to a mixture of sports and social activities, the players competing for some twenty-six trophies in various sports and recreational games, and everyone enjoying evening entertainment that includes dances, a concert and film shows.

The Wellington Sun Club, home of the capital city's nudists and one of the major clubs in the country, offered to host this particular Rally, as it had done three years previously. On that occasion the weather was pretty atrocious and the event came to be known, wryly, as the 'Mark



You too can cross the bridge to the healthy naturist life.





One Gumboot Rally.' One enterprising member of an Auckland club even cashed in on Wellington's shame by printing tee-shirts showing a waterlogged cartoon figure in immense gumboots and the legend 'I survived Wellington Rally '77'! However, the Wellingtonians swallowed their pride, assumed that the same thing *couldn't* happen twice in a row and went ahead with preparation. It could! And it did!

After months of careful planning by the Rally Committee, working in conjunction with the Club management committee, and many hours of hard work by members, the grounds were looking their best ever. . . the lawns close-cropped and green, sites for upwards of sixty tents and caravans neatly labelled, the large hall made ready, swimming pools repainted, public address system installed, a beer garden constructed and a hundred and one other jobs undertaken to allow the host club to cope with an influx of three hundred or more holidaymakers.

And it rained! Day after day it rained, and blew at up to 110 km. per hour on one day just to add insult to injury. The Rally was officially opened by Alan McCombe, English vice-president of the I.N.F., responsible for Commonwealth countries, who came straight to the meeting from a wet and wind-swept airport, commenting wryly that it was good of us to make him feel so much at home, though we shouldn't have bothered!

Watching the grounds turn into a sea of mud and water, the organisers were forced to improvise, to cut out some of the planned activities, re-schedule the sports programme to make use of the brief weather breaks (two mainly fine days in the middle of the Rally helped, but not enough), and find alternative accommodation for those washed out of tent sites. Without the determined good humour and co-operation of so many of the visitors this task would have been impossible, but even so, for the first time ever in the history of these rallies, the outdoor sports programme was not completed.

As in the previous Wellington Rally, three years earlier, the clubhouse proved to be a real god-send. Large enough to cope with upwards of four hundred people, it was in constant use throughout the six days, for children's entertainment, table tennis, indoor bowls and a host of other activities. The final day even saw a jury-rigged court set up to allow the tenikoit final rounds to be played off.





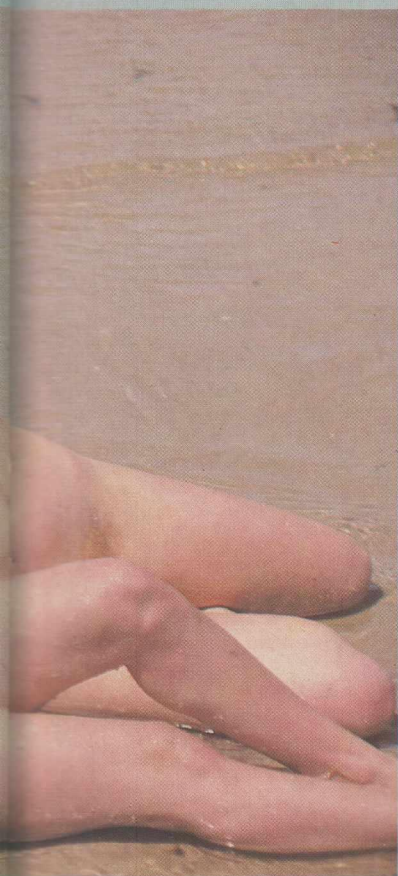


PROBING THE PRESS  
**BARE BEACHES  
AND THE CASE OF  
THE MISSING 'PERSON'**

The Law is an Ass, said someone, but when it addresses itself to nudity it is a whopping great belly laugh. Or so says Maggie Stillwell as she covers the waterfronts from Brighton to Bridlington and all points south. Have you heard of the fortunate sunbathers of the north who because they haven't got 'persons' can bathe with the law's blessing. Or the plans of the Eurocrats for more madness. Read on, all is revealed, as they say.







**T**HIS year seven million Germans will want to go naked around the shores of the Mediterranean. But resorts there have room for only about one million. Already nudist resorts in Yugoslavia, France, Corsica and now Spain are bursting at the seams. Add to the seven million Germans tens of thousands of British, French, Scandinavian, Austrian and even Italian would-be nudists and you have a demand which far exceeds supply.

What happens? Nudism breaks out in the most unlikely places. When the police prepared to move in against some nudists on the Isar, near Munich, a remark-

able thing happened. Several young police officers objected. 'We can't do that, sir,' they said. 'We agree with the nudists—we do the same thing ourselves!'

All but the bottom half of the bikini has been abandoned in most Mediterranean beaches. On some, even that has gone. In that most conservative of countries, Italy, 71% of people were in favour of leaving the nudists alone. Even Spain has seen the light (and the money) and official resorts are springing up. Greece is next, but as yet religious fanatics are maintaining a rear-guard action. Everywhere our enemies are on the retreat. The long-waged battle of the beaches

is almost a total victory. Many are saying wistfully: 'If you can't beat them, join them.' A moment later they are gladly throwing off the lot.

While on the subject of beaches, most of our readers will have been entertained by Press stories about the opening of Brighton's nude beach earlier this year. But for the record, and for history, we name the first of the many. Leading the race to be the first nude into Brighton's waters was Mr. Arthur Albrow, a local plumbing instructor. Next came 'Miss Brighton' or Susie Besant, and third Mr. Paul Goldsmith, father of two, and finally pub landlord Maurice Bell. No







prizes, but perhaps just a little fame.

Not so happy was an ex-beauty queen. She wrote a letter to a London paper saying she found the nudes on the beach 'grotesque.' Another reader, Diane Philips, answered stingingly: 'I can't understand why (she) considers herself more suited to the 'decent' beach at Brighton, having partaken in the indecent practice of beauty contests.'

Turn now to Bridlington beach. For our Continental readers I should explain that Bridlington is on the north-east coast of England about halfway between Scarborough and the city of Hull. It is one of the nine official nudist beaches. It is proving a holiday hit. Never have they had it so good. The takings are at least double what they were before the beach became officially nudist. The local director of tourism is reported as saying that 90 per cent of the enquiries at the information office came from people seeking to go nude on the beach. Even before summer, in bleak April when they never open the car park, 20,000 cars poured in and officials hurriedly threw open the gates. Never have they seen any-

thing like it.

By way of correction we must report the following. Many of our detractors say that nude beaches in Britain are a 'bit of a joke' because the weather is not good enough. They instance Brighton more often than not. What are the facts? Brighton gets around 1,750 hours of sunshine a year. That is around five hours every day—including the winter days. Most of the sunshine is during the summer months, so we can say Brighton beaches can expect more than five hours a day average during the summer months. An expert on the subject says that about 140 days a year are suitable for nude sunbathing. Another keen sunbather points out that if you can find a sheltered part of the beach it is possible to get a sun tan even when the air temperature is low.

Brighton nude beach has had its share of publicity in past months and I'm reluctant to say much more. But I must remark on the silly antics of one sunbather. *The Daily Star* of London reported that one 26-year-old girl objected to a photographer. She said 'I don't mind people watching me on the beach but I object to ending up on a



One lucky naturist who has found a certain solitude.



The naturist demand for more and more places to go nude has meant boom times for places like this resort at Agde. More must be provided or the public beaches will have to accept nudity.



dirty old man's snapshot.' The paper said she pelted a middle-aged man with stones when he photographed her bathing in the nude. Apparently the man was chased as well. 'It was painful running over the pebbles with no shoes—otherwise I would have caught him.' This was another remark attributed to the same girl.

The girl's behaviour is reprehensible. She is in a public place and has no right to assault anyone. Moreover it is very silly. Many of the onlookers are naturally curious and anyone who bathes naked on a beach must be prepared for a photograph being taken. If they are so sure of their rightness, then why object to a photograph? If they are afraid of being recognised, then they must be ashamed of their nudism. In this case let them keep away from nude beaches, where they are likely to cause trouble. *The law is perfectly clear. In a public place no one has any right to privacy. Anyone may photograph anyone else. Just as clearly no one can use physical force to have their way. Even the threat of physical force can be assault. Using it is battery.* In most cases the accused is charged simply with assault which covers both. Sunbathers in public places should remember that even to make a threatening gesture (say with a knife or fist) even if there is no actual intention to strike can be assault, provided there is an

intention to frighten the victim. I would strongly advise any self-appointed 'frighteners' among naturists using our free beaches to watch it. It may be they who are introduced to the cooler. A 'public place' in law means any place to which members of the public can go, including places where a charge is made for admission.

Talking of 'public places' brings us to the difficult question of 'bye-laws.' That is local laws. It is these which try to make sure we wear bathing costumes on the beach. And it is these which are responsible for one of the most hilarious and bizarre situations ever heard.

At Lowestoft Free Beach it has been discovered that while men and women may sunbathe in the nude, should they decide to swim, then the men must cover 'their person.' The women? Oh no, they don't have a 'person' to cover—they can swim nude while the poor men struggle into their pants. Surely this is a case for the sex discrimination board. But who is going to complain? The women, because they haven't a 'person' called Willie? Or the men, because they can't imitate the girls and swim nude?

The mind boggles. The scene is the complaints section of the All People Equal Board. Harold Hardperson appealing.

'It's not fair. Just because I've got a person I've got to cover it before I go for a swim. I don't

want to cover it. I don't cover it when I have a bath.'

The Chairman of the Board replies.

'You could always cut it off and then you wouldn't have a 'person' to hide, now would you?'

'Cut it off! Cut it off! You must be out of your tiny mind, sir. Anyhow, my wife wouldn't allow it.'

'Well, it's up to you. If you want to keep your 'person' you have to cover it before you swim. No matter what your wife says. It's the law. Next case please.'

Mrs. Softcore enters. She pleads her case.

'My complaint,' she begins, 'is that I am unfairly discriminated against just because of my sex. The bye-law doesn't require me to put on a bathing costume just because I haven't got a 'person' and if that isn't discrimination I don't know what is.'

The Chairman of the Board thinks a while. 'Well. . .er. . . perhaps you could get an artificial one. I mean, I have seen them for sale in some of the sleazier sex shops. Why, only yesterday I was doing some research when I saw the most incredible, whopping great. . . er. . . you know.'

'No way' says Mrs. Softcore. 'No way.' She departs puzzled.

Someone, somewhere must come up with laws to fit the times we live in. And who better than the bureaucrats of Brussels, the

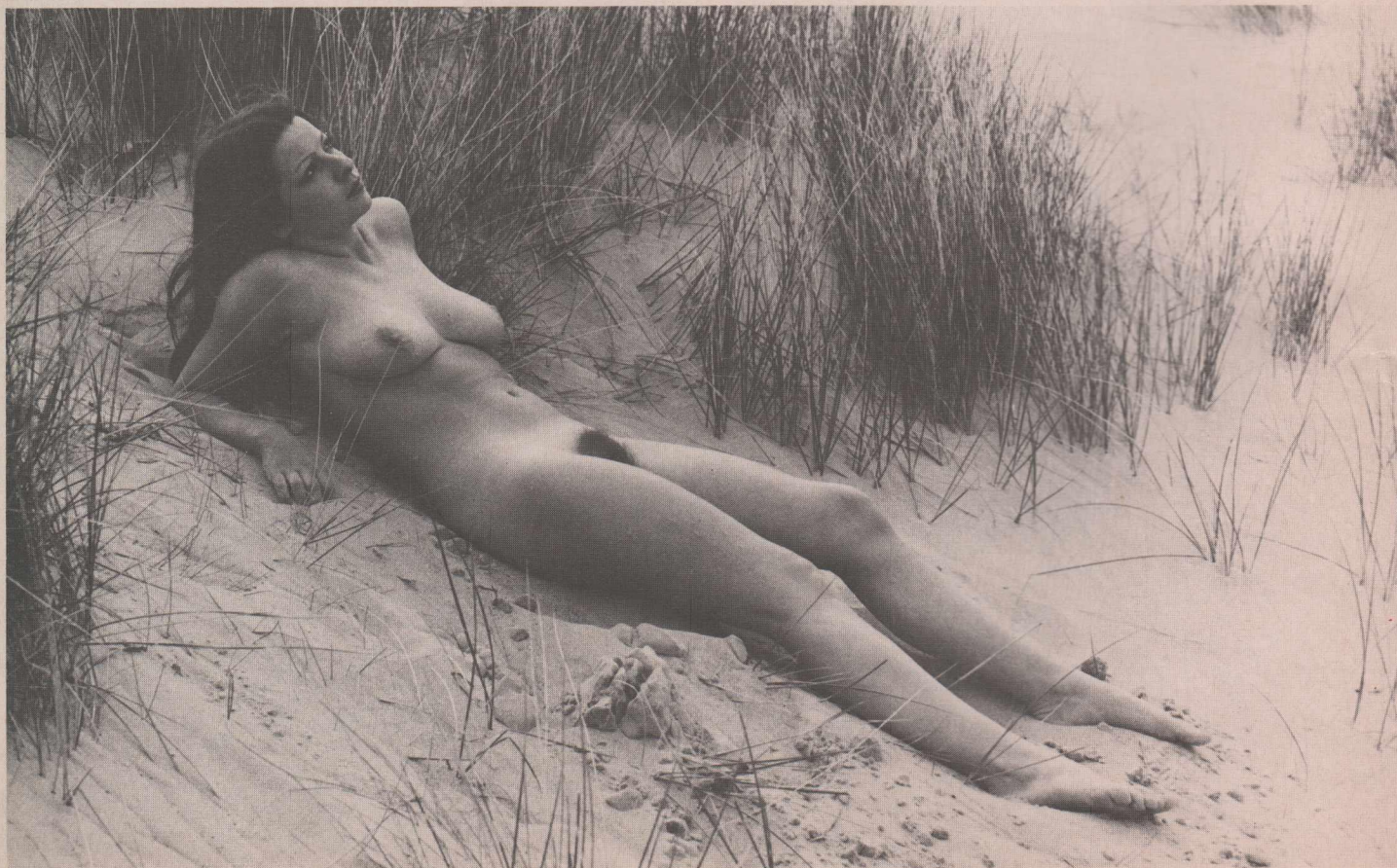
European Commission. As they said in their official publication 'Euroforum' recently. I quote: 'With their growth of intro-Community tourism, there is clearly a need for some kind of Community level action to ensure that there is some degree of common standards and that the unfortunate naturists are not discriminated against.'

'As a result, the European Commission has presented the Council of Ministers with a proposal for a directive which would lay down acceptable standards for nude bathing throughout the community.'

'During the past few years, Commission experts, with the help of national representatives, have been charting a map of Europe which is marked with the chosen stretches of beach. The main criteria for their choices have been areas of least wind, fewest jellyfish and maximum isolation to discourage voyeurs. Distance from Monasteries and Convents has also been a determining factor.'

'Community environment ministers are due to meet on April 1st to consider the plans...'

If you got the reference to 'jellyfish' and 'April 1st' you may already have twigged it—a rather heavy handed, Official Joke.



'There is plenty of room on these beaches in Scotland but I'm not sure I like the look of these clouds.'







# CLUB DIRECTORY

## AUSTRALIA

International Organisation: Australian Nudist Federation, P.O. Box 298, Bendigo, Victoria 3550, S.A.

## BELGIUM

National Organisation: Federation Belge de Naturisme, St. Thomasstraat 24, B-2000 Antwerpen.

De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, B-2020 Antwerpen.

Helios, P.O. Box 1185, B-1000 Bruxelles.

Phoebus, Rue de la Paix 44, Vredestraat 44, B-1050 Bruxelles.

Club Belvedere, B.P. 15, B-4000 Liege or 33 rue Reine Elisabeth, B-4547 Haccourt.

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, B-4000 Liege.

Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, B-3500 Hasselt.

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, B-9000 Gent.

In Luxembourg: Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

## BRITAIN

National Organisation: Central Council for British Naturism (CCBN), Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET. Orpington 44689 or 33390.

CLUBS (CCBN members)

Adventurers Sun Club, c/o J. D. Ayto, 110 Birling Road, Snodland, Maidstone, Kent.

Appollo Sun Club, c/o 6 Stoke Manor Close, Seaford, East Sussex BN25 3RE.

The Arcadians, Greenglades, Blind Lane, Billericay, Essex.

Aztec Recreational and Sun Club, Aztec Sun Park, Crawley, West Sussex.

Bexley Sun Society. Meets in CCBN grounds.

Blackthorns Sun Club, c/o Ian Slater, 47 Rosamund Road, Bedford.

Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club and Holiday Centre, Matchams Drive, Matchams, Ringwood, Hants.

Brighton Sun Club, Hamshaw, Sloop Lane, Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath, West Sussex.

Bristol Solarians, Tara, Mapleridge Road, Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.

Broadland Sun Association Ltd., Brickle Road, Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.

Bromley Sun Society. Meets in CCBN grounds.

Croydon Sun Society. Meets in CCBN grounds.

Gardenia Sun Club, Lye Lane, Brickett Wood, St. Albans, Herts.

Greenacres Club, Cornsay, Durham.

Hastings Sun Club, Hides, Westfield, Hastings, East Sussex.

Invicta Sun Club, The Firs, Forge Lane, Sutton, Dover, Kent.

Lancashire Sun Society, Hazel Grove, Sandy Lane, Rufford, Ormskirk, Lancs.

Larches Sun Club, c/o 13 Holway Avenue, Taunton, Somerset.

Leicester Sun Group, c/o 8 Redruth Close, Coventry.

Liverpool Sun and Air Society, c/o Lillian White, 43 Lytleton Road, Aigburth, Liverpool L17 0AT.

London Health and Sauna Club, c/o Suite 41, Kent House, 87 Regent Street, London W1R 7HF.

Manchester Sun and Air Society, c/o 18 Geneva Drive, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire.

New Forest Outdoor Club, North Lodge, Hurn Road, Ringwood, Hants.

Noah's Ark Sun Club, Freepost, Chertsey, Surrey KT16 8BR.

North London Sun Society. Meets in CCBN grounds.

Novasun Vagari Wood, c/o 27 Tower Hill, Cove, Farnborough, Hants.

Pendle Sun Club, c/o Keith Mackley, 17 Raynham Crescent, Blackhill, Keighley, West Yorks.

Ribble Valley Sun Club, Briarwood, Ribchester Road, Clayton-le-Dale, Blackburn, Lancs.

Sheplegh Court Nudist Hotel, Blackawton, Totnes, Devon.

South Hants Sun Society, Stockers, North Boarhunt, Fareham, Hants.

South London Sun Society. Meets in CCBN grounds.

We publish this directory to give you some idea of naturism throughout the world. But details of every small club or beach would fill the entire magazine! So please take this as a general guide and write to the National Organisations of the countries concerned, or the resorts themselves, for further details.

South Yorkshire Sun Club, c/o K. Woolley, 10 Grove Hill Road, Doncaster, South Yorkshire.

Springwood Sun Club, Cooks Hall Road, West Berholt, Colchester, Essex.

Surrey Downs Sun Club, c/o Edgeley Caravan Park, Farley Green, Albury, Guildford, Surrey.

Valerian Sun Club, c/o 'Lingwood,' 33 Atherley Road, Shanklin, I.O.W.

White Rose Club, Flaxton, York.

Wrekin View Nudist Club, Crin Cottage, Kenston, Market Drayton, Salop.

### OTHER CLUBS

Chester Nudist Club, c/o 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

Eureka Club, Mark Wilson, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent.

Fiveacres Country Club, Brickett Wood, St. Albans.

North Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devonshire.

The Old Smithy, Penyfeidr, Llandeloy, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

Spielplatz, Lye Lane, Brickett Wood, St. Albans.

Torbay Sun Club, Avian Nook, 7 Wellesley Road, Torquay, Devon.

## CANADA

National Organisation: The Western Canadian Sunbathing Association, P.O. Box 1113, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2K9.

The following has asked to be included: Ottawa Free Beaches, P.O. Box 753, Stn B, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1P 5P8. Tel. 1-613-2369210.

## DENMARK

National Organisation: Dansk Nudist Union (DNU), c/o Jonna Sulstrup, Lundtofteparken 37, st. tv., DK-2800 Lyngby.

## FRANCE

National Organisation: Federation Francaise de Naturisme (FFN), 4 Avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris.

There are so many clubs in France (details from the above) that we are just listing the nudist holiday centres.

Koad-ar-Roché, 56820 Neant-sur-Yvel.

La Herpinerie, 49730 Montsoreau.

Creuse Nature, Le Cheix, 23600 Boussac-Bourg.

Centre Helio-Marin, 33930 Montalivet.

Camp Nudist de Grayan, Euronat. Grayan l'Hopital 33590.

Club Quercy-Agenais Naturiste, Rene Point, La Tuque, Belaye, 56140 Luzech.

Centre Naturiste de Devese, Bernard Lautier, 32380 St. Clar.

Centre Naturiste de Montagne, 'Les Clapières,' 05100 Briancon.

Alpes et Soleil, 38650 Sinard.

Domaine Naturiste International 'La Romegas,' Mme Schilleman, 26170 Buis-les-Baronnies.

Le Haut Chandelalar, Y. and P. Boisgontier, 06850 Brianconnet, St. Auban.

Club du Soleil de Nice-Levens, La Gorguetta, 06720 Levens.

Centre de Vacances de la Haute-Garduiere, 83830 Callas.

Domaine Naturiste de Belezay, 84410 Bedoin.

Plage des Templiers, M. Jacques Guerrier, B.P. 22 Saint Ferreol, 07700 Bourg-Saint-Andeol.

Relais de la Conche, Claude et Jeannine Bennetot, Saint Montan, 07220 Viviers.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, B.P. no. 1, 30430 Barjac.

Ran du Chateau de Ferreyrolles, 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.

La Genese, Mejanne-le-Clap, 30710 Saint-Jean-de-Marqueols.

Les Bois de la Sabliere, St. Privat-de-Champclos, 30430 Barjac.

Centre Helio-Marin, 34300 Agde.

Gymno-club Mediterranee, Serignan Nature, 34410 Serignan.

Village du Bosc, Octon, 34800 Clermont-l'Herault.

Camping Saint Pierre, 34150 Gignac.

Centre Helio-Marin, 'La Grande Cosse,' Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude.

Village Ulysse, Port Leucate, 11370.

Village Aphrodite, Port Leucate 11370.

Le Clapotis, 11480 La Palme.

Club du Soleil de Perpignan, Dominique Martinez, 'Le Ventous,' 66150 Arles-sur-Tech.

Village Naturiste de Serralongue, 66230 Prats-de-Mollo.

### IN CORSICA:

Camping Naturiste de Villata, M. Agostini, 20216 Sainte-Lucie de Porto-Vecchio.

Corsicana, Linguizzetta, 20230 San Nicola.

Tropica, Chiatria, 20230 San Nicola.

La Chiappa, 20210 Porto-Vecchio.

La Bagheera, Anga Filippi, La Bagheera, La Guistiniana, 20230 San Nicola.

Pietra-Di-Verde.

Le Moulin, 20210 Port-Vecchio.

## GERMANY

National Organisation: Deutscher Verband für Freikörperkultur e.V. (DFK), Königstrasse 22, D-3000 Hannover 1.

We have listed only the larger sites—with room for 100 or more tents/caravans. For further details please write to the DFK, as above.

### CLUBS

Familienferienzeltplatz Amrum, 2278 Wittund/Amrum.

Strand Camping Wallnau, 2000 Hamburg 63, Overn Barg 19.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

Eurocamping Zedano, Reinhold Reshöft, 2435 Dahme Nord.

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung Bremen e.V. (DFK), 2800 Bremen 1, Postfach 106845.

Naturistenbund Wilhelmshaven-Friesland e.V. (DFK), D-2940 Wilhelmshaven 1, Postfach 907.

Sun, Lüneburger Heide e.V. (DFK), D-2120 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. Hanover (DFK), D-3000 Hannover, Yorkstrasse 7.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 33 Braunschweig, Postfach 1812.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Hildesheim e.V. (DFK), D-3200 Hildesheim, Postfach 492.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), D-4800 Bielefeld 1, Postfach 5501.

Naturistenbund Rheydt e.V. (DFK), Zedernstrasse 19, D-4050 Mönchengladbach.

Orplid. Bund für Freikörperkultur und Familiensport e.V. Darmstadt (DFK), D-6100 Darmstadt-Arheilgen, Weiterstädter Strasse 150, Postfach 110861.

Naturistenbund Trier e.V. (DFK), Christophstrasse 7, D-5500 Trier.

Lichtbund Saar e.V. Saarbrücken (DFK), Postfach 973, D-6600 Saarbrücken.

FKK-Familiensportbund Heilbronn e.V. (DFK), 71 Heilbronn Böckingen, Postfach 51.

Lichtbund Karlsruhe e.V. (DFK), D-7500 Karlsruhe 1, Postfach 4103.

Naturportbund Schwäbischer Wald e.V. (DFK), D-7157 Murrhardt-Kirchheimberg-Feriengelande Schönrain.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Stuttgart e.V. (DFK), D-7000 Stuttgart 1, Postfach 66.

BfI Sonnländ e.V. (DFK), 78 Freiburg, Dreikönigsstrasse 1.

Drei-Länder-Eck, Postfach 105, D-7808 Waldkirch.

Verein der Saunafreunde e.V. (DFK), D-1000 Berlin 19, Rognitzstrasse 8.

## IRELAND

There is a nudist group in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and another in Dublin, Irish Republic.

For details write to Irish Nudist Association, P.O. Box 1077, Churchtown, Dublin 14.

## ITALY

Two National Associations in Italy. They are:

Associazione Naturista Italiana (ANITA), Via N. Bixio, 32, I-20129 Milano.

Unione Nudisti Italiani (UNI), Castella Postale 185, I-10100 Torino.

## NORWAY

National Organisation: Norsk Nudist Forbund (NNF), Box 194, N-1322 Hovik.

## PORTUGAL

National Organisation: Federacao Portuguesa de Naturismo, Praca de Sao Bento 31, Lisboa 2.

## SPAIN

National Organisation: Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel del Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria.

## SWEDEN

National Organisation: Sveriges Nudist Förbund (SNF), Box 4279, S-20314.

## U.S.A.

Two National Organisations: American Sunbathing Association, Inc., 810 North Mills Avenue, Orlando/Florida 32803. Tel. (305) 896-8141.

National Nudist Council, R.B.2 Tippence, Ohio 44699, U.S.A.

## FREE BEACHES OF EUROPE

For detailed information write to: Phil Vallack, 37 West End, March, Cambridgeshire PE15 8DN.

## FREE PUBLICITY

We are prepared to give your club an illustrated feature in this magazine provided you have reasonable grounds and some facilities to offer future members and/or visitors.

But we do want to photograph your grounds with some members present. We feel that ideally, young couples, perhaps with children, give the best picture of club life.

If you are interested, write now to the Editor, Health and Efficiency, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London E.C.1.

## HOLLAND

National Organisation: Nederlandse Federatie van Naturistenverenigingen (NFN), Postbus 564, 25021 CN Den Haag.





# NEWS

## ROUNDAABOUT

### A Tribute

We'd like to express our appreciation for Mrs. Charlotte Peters, the tireless P.R.O. for the Central Council of British Nudism. She works from dawn till dusk (and beyond! she would claim!) throughout Britain, promoting free beaches, and what's more, she does it all voluntarily.

Her ambition? 'I'd like to see every resort in the country with its own nudist beach' she says.

### South American Commotion

It all started when a woman sunbathed topless at Ipanema, near Rio de Janeiro. She was attacked by the local people; a chivalrous male tried to come to her rescue, and he too was attacked. In the end the police had to use tear gas to disperse the crowds.

All we can say is: Don't go to South America for your holidays!

### New Venture in Britain

A new general recreational and conservation area is being constructed at Sandwell Valley, near Birmingham. The area is to contain farms and farmland, as well as leisure parks.

The CCBN have asked that an area be designated for nudist use. But they don't want the nudists to be put behind tall fences; the area must be accessible to all.

So far the English Tourist Board are in favour of the idea and also the Ministry of Agriculture, who see increased income for their farmers from the nudist campers.

We await news with interest.

### New Beach in Spain?

Alicante Council have agreed to the principle of a free beach, but as yet the location of the

beach has not been decided. It was requested by the nudist group, Hermes. The beach is to be marked with signs and available to all.

It may well be on or near the Cabo de la Huertas promontory. The President de Ordenacion de Territorio is in favour of the beach.

### Legality of Nude Photographs

Princess Caroline of Monaco recently sued a French photographer for libel. He had photographed her, with a telescopic lens, without her knowledge, when she was undressing on a private beach. The resulting photograph was later published.

She won her case. It is not legal

to publish pictures of people you have taken without their knowledge in France. However, if you snap them in a public place, and they are aware that you are doing so, it's a different matter.

### More News from Brighton

Geoffrey Nicolson campaigns for the rights of disabled nudists. He says they have as much right to use the beach as anyone else and suggested to Brighton Council that facilities ought to be provided to get wheelchairs on to the beach.

Brighton Council have considered the matter but concluded that it would be too expensive to build a concrete ramp to the beach.

Meanwhile, the Brighton Gazette has coined a new word. It's 'natourists' and it means people who come to stare at the nudists.

We've always called them voyeurs.

### Latest from Agde

You've got to be married (as well as rich) to live at Agde. We're not joking! Two room apartments now cost in the region of £25,000 and you have to show your marriage certificate before the deal can go through. Single women can only rent, not buy, and single men, the resort claims, are banned altogether!

We sometimes think that time is going backwards in the nudist world.





# COURTSHIP *the* NATURAL WAY

The poets write about human love and courtship. It seems that falling in love has a mystery about it. Just how and why does it happen? Some people think you can't analyse love. But when you look at how people actually behave you can observe the falling-in-love process. When you analyse it you respect Mother Nature even more. Love loses no mystery, but becomes even more beautiful. Susan Mayfield describes what love means to us all.

**O**UR first impression of life is a snug embrace. We are curling inside the total embrace of another person's body. No wonder a baby cries at birth—the embrace becomes suffocating and he is pushed into a cruel world.

Immediately (if the birth is a natural one) his mother holds him, rocks him gently, croons in his ear. He stops crying. Later the young mother will fondle, kiss and stroke her baby. She will clean his body, including his

most intimate areas, with soft, gentle stroking movements.

She also offers him her nipple. It is warm and rubbery, soft and human. From it food and satisfaction can be squeezed.

All this sheer physical love creates a tremendous bond between mother and child. And what he learns about love now will hold him in good stead when he falls in love as an adult.

Towards the end of his first year, the mother/child honeymoon ends. Direct body contact



**GREECE** 'They're funny, the old folk in Greece. You're not supposed to see too much of each other before you get married—and not too much afterwards, either!

It's always been tradition that once the marriage is neatly out of



the way, the men get on with the men's business and the women spend their time with each other.

So we get away as much as we can. We've got some of the most beautiful beaches in the world. We know exactly where to go so we can be alone and naked together.'





## ITALY

'Naturism, Women's Rights and the other things of modern life are coming to Italy very slowly. All the old rumours still apply. It is no new thing in Sicily for a man to be murdered for stealing a woman's honour! But we love our country, the warmth and humour of the people. We're looking forward to a large family, as our roots are in the Catholic way of life.'

'All the same, it's good to escape to a deserted beach, with only the sky, and the call of the birds, and each other for company.'



## SPAIN

'Spanish men have a terrible reputation. A Spanish girl is thought so highly of by her men-folk and her family that no one would think of tainting her virginity. So all the men run off with foreign girls.'

'But my Francesca is proud and passionate. 'We are modern,' she said. 'I'll be your novia and wait for you, but you must wait for me as well and not go after cheap thrills.'

'It's been worth it. I like to feel her cling to me!'



becomes less and the baby communicates by way of frowns and smiles, instead of touch. But he still runs to his mother's arms in times of stress!

By the time he is three, he's learning to talk and contact takes place through words, rather than touch. He actually resents too much physical closeness. Now parents use the casual pat on the back or arm, or throw their arms around a child's shoulders, or just hold his hand. These gestures are adult ones and carry the child into adulthood.

Later, the teenager will insist on his absolute independence. This is right and natural. He has grown away from his family. He will look for closeness, intimacy and love with a member of the opposite sex outside his home.

Let's look at what happens when he falls in love.

At the first sight of another person, we take into account every facet of them that we can see, and decide if we find them attractive or not. Often we do this unconsciously—and loudly

deny that we do it at all!

Future lovers then try to catch each other's eyes—and look away as soon as they do! They may smile at each other. One of them will start talking about trivial matters. This small-talk is essential, for it can either reinforce or deny the impression of attraction.

The first touch is on the hands. It may be a formal handshake, or the touch may be disguised by an enterprising seducer as a supportive aid. Then either party, if they want to withdraw from the relationship, can make out this was not a courtship gesture if they wish.

Then the man will put his arm round the woman's shoulders. This is basically a friendly gesture, rather than a sexual one, and either party can interpret it as such. But it is still body contact and the lovers may feel a tingling throughout, making them well aware that courtship is beginning.

Then the arm slips from the shoulders to the waist. No man

ever does this to another man. He's declaring that he's interested in the woman as a woman. He may risk a first kiss. Now we all know what's going on, especially if a warm, frontal body-to-body embrace is held at the same time.

Both of them will caress the head of the other. As our heads are the most vulnerable part of us it's a sign of special trust that we will let someone do this. We are close.

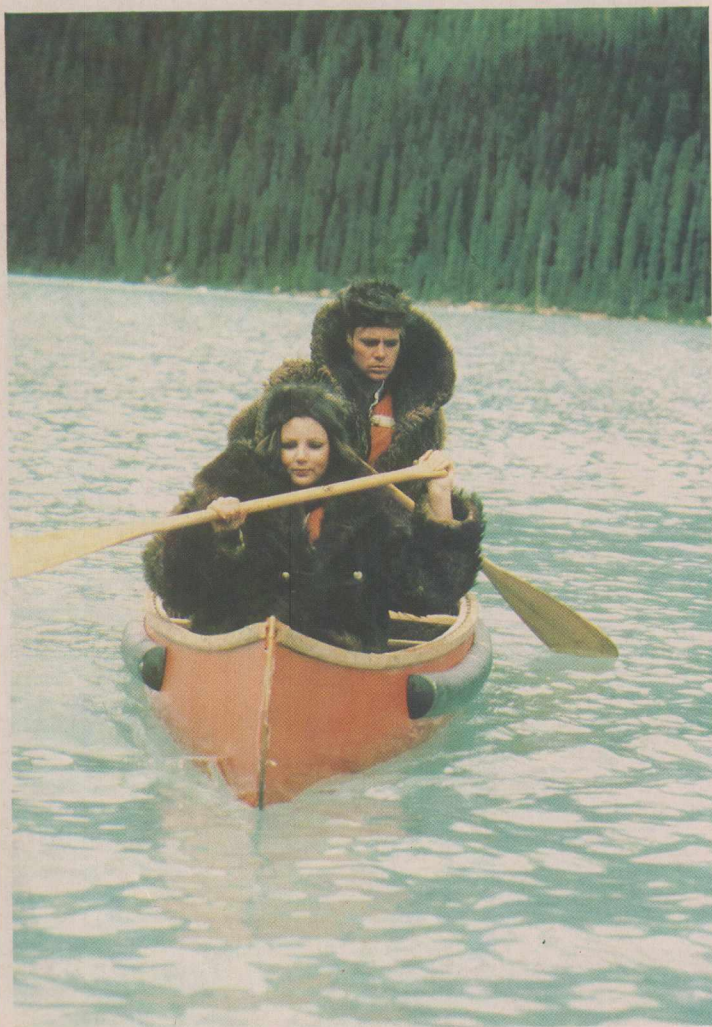
The love-making begins in earnest, with more and more intimate body caresses. Either or both partners may become sexually aroused. If they don't trust each other, or if a natural bond has not grown between them, or the feeling isn't 'right' they will not carry the courtship further than this.

Mutual trust means greater intimacies are allowed—and these reinforce the growing bond. It's at this stage of courtship, the stage of no going back, that the partners will fully undress and reveal their bodies to each other.

This is often why people cannot understand social nudity. A conventional man will assume that the relationship between a lady naturist, and all the male naturists surrounding her, is a sexual one.

But this is nonsense. Just to see another person naked, without all the bond-forming intimacies of courtship, does not mean that you're going to fall in love. But to be nude with one other person, nude and vulnerable and alone, implies a relationship of complete and utter trust between the partners.

At last they consummate their love. The bond between them is complete. Whether all this happens in one hour, or takes place over a period of months, all courtships follow this pattern. Unless a culture imposes inhibitions on the earlier stages of courtship, then everyone likes to linger over the early hand-holding, kissing stages of courtship as they build up trust and confidence in each other. So the relationship survives and



**CANADA**

'We went to the lakes of the north for our honeymoon. It was good to get back to nature. We lived in a log cabin and had to row across the lake for supplies.'

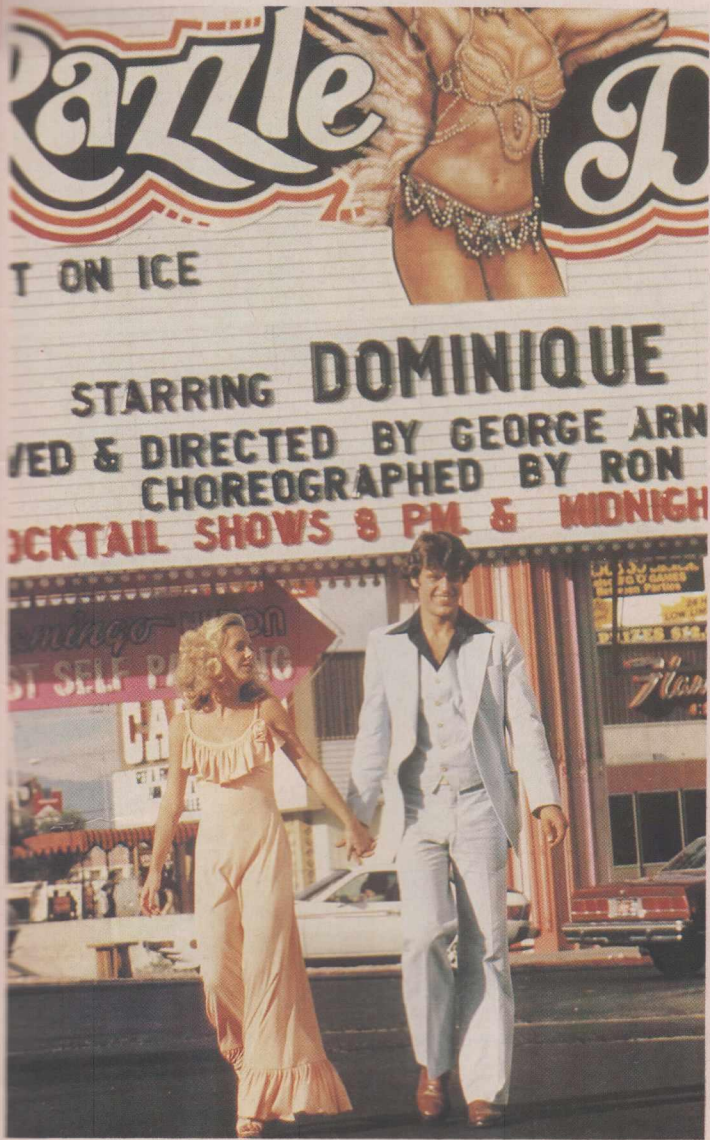
'We explored the forests, the mountains, the cool lakes and waterfalls. The cold didn't stop us from the exploration of each other's bodies. Who needs central heating when you've got each other?'



exercise, healthy diets. We get some  
—in the sexual field as well.

'Everybody's into the body here. They go for physical culture, sports and, truly, anything

'We wanted to be different. So we got married.  
'We knew we were meant for each other. We didn't have to go in for no experiments about nudity and sex, nothing like that.  
'We trusted each other, I guess.'



flourishes, after the actual act of love has finished.

From now on courtship follows the same emotional pattern as the growth of a person through from babyhood to adolescence. You don't believe me?

Being in love looks very much like a return to infancy. Lovers walk about hand in hand, just as they did with their parents. The frontal embrace reminds us of a mother holding her baby to her. The lovers can't hold each other tight enough! They caress each other tenderly. The lovers are naked together and allowing their bodies to be freely touched by another. Not since they were babies have they felt such intense physical closeness with another person. It was as babies they learnt how to do it!

They murmur crooning words to each other. They call each other pet names, the most

common of which throughout the world is—'baby.' The mouth is used so much in love-making. Does it remind us of the satisfaction of sucking when we were small? At the height of sexual pleasure, we embrace each other, touch each other, give millions of caresses.

At about the time the lovers declare themselves to the world, their relationship changes. It is similar to the second stage of childhood. The lovers no longer need to touch each other every moment of their waking lives! Words replace caresses. Some married couples have what amounts to a communication code; they are so close they know what their partner is thinking.

The physical bond, the friendship of shared experiences and a regular sex-life strengthens the relationship. But the need for intense physical contact is usually met by the children of the union

—who are learning to love while in their mothers' arms, just as we did.

Some love-affairs, though, reach an emotional adolescent stage. The lovers feel trapped and struggle free of what is now a tiresome courtship, or an unwanted marriage. Then, of course, they feel lonely and promptly fall in love with someone else! In either case, the happy marriage or the breaking away, the entire courtship process nearly always lasts three years or less.

Various social customs interfere with natural courtship. These include arranged marriages and the lengthy education necessary to maintain a technological society. Who can thwart their urge towards courtship just to pass exams? No one can fall in love neatly, just as they get promotion.

The emphasis on sexual tech-

nique is not a good one either. Every true lover knows a single touch on the cheek from the beloved can say more than tortured sexual athletics with a comparative stranger. A natural love-life does not include jumping into bed at the first trembling in the loins, nor counting orgasms by the minute.

The new sexual freedom often compresses the natural courting process. How many times do people flirt or make love because they think it's the sophisticated thing to do, or because they want something to tell their friends?

A natural courtship means relishing every stage of the romance. It means enjoying love-making to the full so that the lasting bond between the courting couple can grow and flourish to its strongest extent. It means far more than the pleasure of love.

It means the survival of our species.





## ISRAEL

'To take pleasure in the body for pleasure's sake is frowned upon by Orthodox Jews. So we leave the city when we want to go nude for the sheer thrill of it.'



'The desert appears to be merely stones and rocks, with the wind carrying stinging scraps of sand against your body. But then the wind drops, and the sun sets, and you have each other and the warmth of the night . . .'



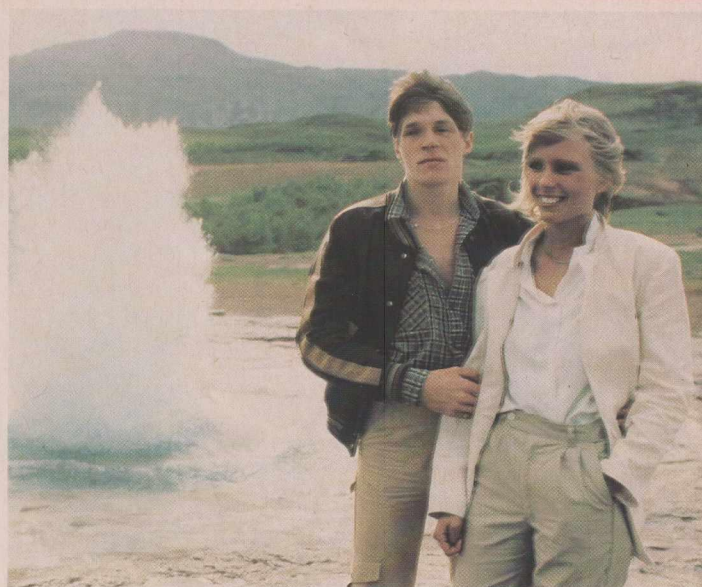
## AUSTRALIA

'The idea was to get an all-over tan. We'd sail around the Great Barrier Reef and leave it to the sun and the wind off the sea.'



'But it's hard to stick to resolutions like that when you're young and in love . . . our boat became a pleasure vessel. It was not just the sun that kissed us with pleasure.'





## ICELAND

'Our country has a certain wild beauty. Who would expect to roam over a deserted moorland, with a gale blowing flecks of ice, and come across a warm spring, bubbling and steaming? We're inside the Arctic Circle too, and often there's a mist over the face of the setting or rising sun. Can you imagine making love in the open air at one o'clock in the morning and it's still light?'



## THAILAND

'My little girl was so shy, a real pearl of the Orient. I had been away for my education, and was used to uninhibited Western women. It took me a long time to teach my little girl to trust me, to teach her that the body is nothing to be ashamed of. She learns slowly, but she learns well!'





For the first time in our long history we are asking readers to send us their colour prints. In the following piece Murray James sets out to tell you about it and adds some hints about the importance of backgrounds. In future months he will concentrate on telling you what to do and what to avoid when taking colour pictures. So make sure you get H.&E. regularly because this way you will build up a useful collection of 'how to do it' instructions. If you follow them faithfully, you must win a prize.

# And now it's Colour

**W**E urgently want your colour prints. They can be any size but we prefer prints with a smooth or glossy surface. These reproduce better than ones with a heavily grained surface. Use your cameras loaded with colour film. Don't worry about the processing. Any normal naturist picture will be processed by anyone these days—even Boots the Chemists.

We cannot go over to colour prints until we have enough to create several months' pictures. So we will have to await their arrival. Then we will have another delay before you see colour in our contest because of the long time it takes between collecting the material for publication and its appearance. It may be that at the beginning we will have to alternate between black and white and colour. So don't stop sending black and white yet. Especially if you have been putting it off. Now may be your last chance to win one of the black and white prizes. You still have a good chance in the section devoted to Groups and to Men. Girls, grab your man's camera



## PHOTO CLUB

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £12, Second £8 and Third £5. They are **Female Beauty, Group Pictures and Men**. In addition there is a **Special Class** to cover any other Naturist subject. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also, we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Black and white prints are not returned unless specially requested and stamped and addressed envelope or international postage coupons enclosed.

and take a picture of him. With his o.k., send it to us—you may have £12 for your trouble.

Remember, we do not return pictures sent in for the contest. They *must* have your name and address on the back of every print, and we want your assurance that everyone in the picture has given permission for publication.

The reason we keep the pictures is that they have a chance every month. They are

kept in a file according to their category and every month every picture is reviewed. By entering our competition you get not just one chance of winning one of the three prizes in every section, but a chance every month. Of course, there are always a few prints which are so poor they would never win no matter how often they are reviewed, and they are eventually removed.

To mark the changeover we will be increasing the prize money. First will collect £12; second £8 and third £5. This means there is £75 up for grabs every month.

Remember, also, you have a very good chance against even the more expert of our reader photographers because we like to spread our prizes around. We don't like to give the same person prizes all the time. Rightly or wrongly, we will often pass over a picture because its photographer has just recently won a prize with another picture.

Last month we gave some hints which should help you get the best results from your colour material. We mentioned the importance of backgrounds. An attractive background makes the picture more interesting, but it should never take the interest away from the main subject. Keep that dominant. Some of the best backgrounds will be found where there is water. Beside a river is good, or at the seaside—especially the Mediterranean sea where you can often get rich

blues and greens in the background. The sky, too, presents possibilities, especially with clouds present.

Perhaps the best place of all to take pictures is in sand dunes. Backgrounds will be distant and simple and the sand reflects the sunlight, thus avoiding deep and contrasty shadows.

The most difficult backgrounds are those where trees throw heavy shadows. The Yew tree is about the worst offender. With these as a background all you get is a solid black. A picture taken in the Black Forest, or any forest for that matter, will rarely compete with one taken beside the sea.

Another difficult background is the fussy. We all know how delightful we find a wall of flowers. But place a pretty girl against this wall and take her picture, and what happens? We don't know where to look. The overpowering colour of the background destroys the picture. The eye cannot rest. All is near chaos.

While figures in the background give authenticity, and we like that, watch out for the fellow who thinks you are a TV camera. He will stand in the background peering at what you're doing and before you know it steal the picture. The viewer can't help saying 'What's that frightful fellow doing there behind?'

Finally, please let us know something about your picture. Tell us where it was taken, who is in it, and so on. Answer the questions Who, What, Where, When and add anything else that might interest our readers. But write this material on the back of the print or it will get lost. If you like, type or write it on a separate piece of paper and *stick* it to the back of the print. This advice goes, too, for the professional photographer sending us pictures for the editorial pages. We can write a more interesting caption if photographers will help us, and thus help themselves.









# YOUR COLOUR PICTURES PLEASE!

**Y**ES, we want you to send in your colour *prints* for the photo contest. We want to replace the present black and white with colour as soon as possible. Remember, your best chance is still in the sections devoted to Men and to Groups. Please do not forget to put your name and address on the back of every print. Seriously, your print will not be allowed to enter unless it has a name and address on it. We don't use this for publication always, but we hate using prints not knowing where to send the money, because it leads to lengthy correspondence from people wanting to claim.

What about this month's winners? Let us look at the girls first. I've given first prize to Rosina on the towel because it is a good quality print and for once we have someone looking happy. Second goes to photographer Mr. Bloy of Birmingham, and third Mr. and Mrs. Le Coroller of Marseilles, France, for the picture of the young woman lying on her back in the grass.

First prize in the men's section goes to Harold Evans of Berkshire for his delightful picture at the beach. Second goes to Mr. Murphy, also of Berks., for his country picture, and third to Larry Knight of London for the fellow leaning against the ladder.

Finally, a look at the Groups. Surprisingly this time, some of the best photographs of the month are here. I've given first prize to Ted Greaves for his picture of the young couple in the sand dunes. The fellow looks a big strained—perhaps he was waiting for the self-timer on his camera to go off. Second to the picture of a couple enjoying the delights of the Victoria Free Sun Beach in Lincolnshire. Finally, we come to Mr. Bennett's picture of the couple in the garden. He collects the third prize.

**PHOTO  
CLUB**

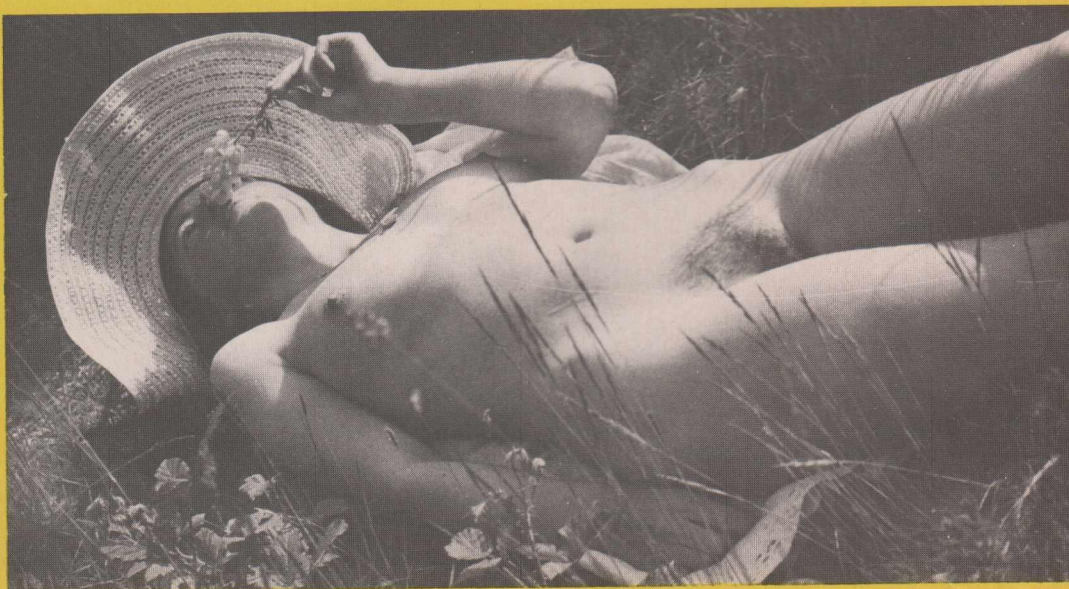


## Female Form

**FIRST** Note how the towel reflects light up into the shadows. And the lady looks happy too! First prize of £12 goes to this relaxing picture.

**SECOND** [right] Side-lighting shows up the girl's skin texture. £8 goes to a Birmingham reader.

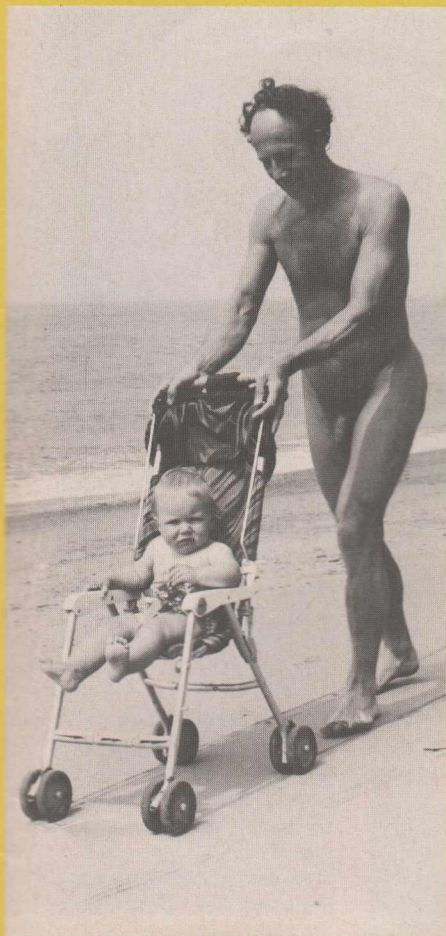
**THIRD** [below] A young couple who live near Marseilles in France have been out in the fields. £5 will help pay for their next trip.



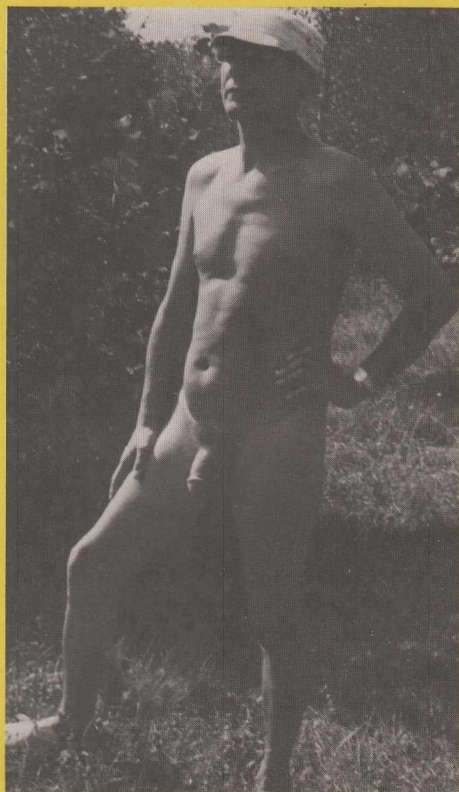


# READERS' PHOTO CONTEST

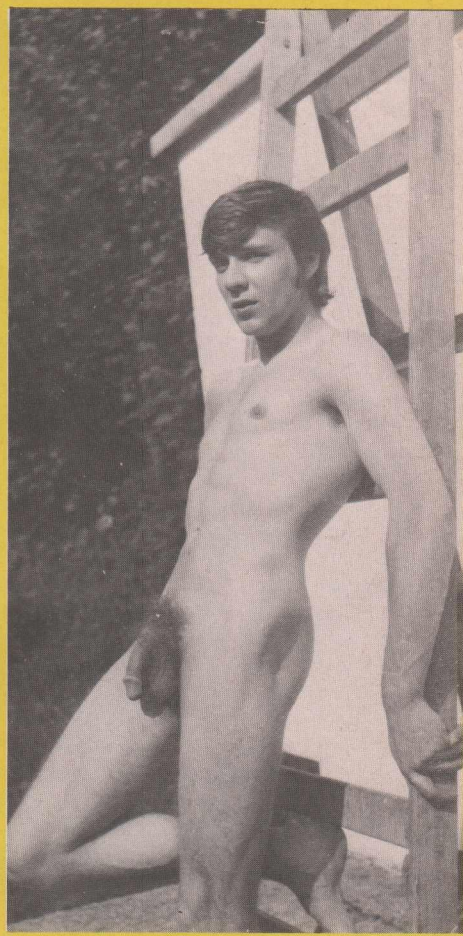
## Male Nudes



**FIRST** [above] and £12 for this happy beach picture entitled 'Here They Come.'



**SECOND** [above] seems to be fading with age. Perhaps it's been in our files for the last 80 years.



**THIRD** [above] is just fading through bad photo technique. Nevertheless, entries in the Male Section are so few it picks up a prize.

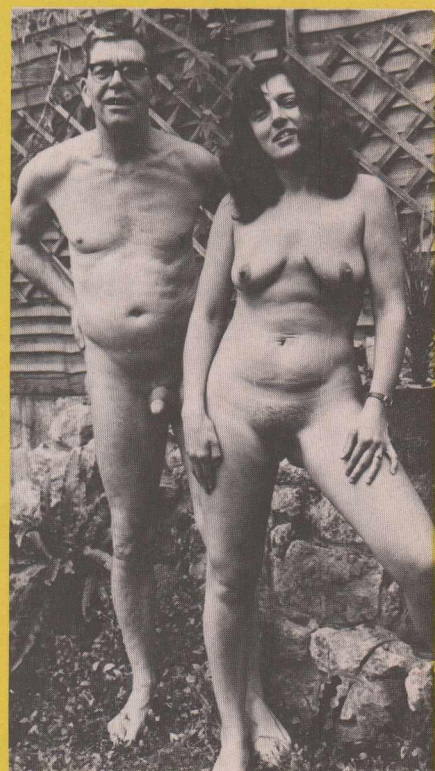
## Groups



**FIRST** [above] and the £12 surely deserves to go to this splendid [self-portrait?] by Photographer Ted Greaves of Bristol.



**SECOND** [above] and £8 once again to reader Trevor Frank.



**THIRD** [above]. And last, but not least, shows excellent photographic technique and a well-earned £5.



## LETTER OF THE MONTH

To Margaret Rennie (Re Personal Experience, Vol. 81, No. 3)

I AM glad you have made up your mind to join us naturists. It is a decision you will never regret. I decided to do so over 30 years ago and wish only that I had done so before.

I fully understand your misgivings about clothing. Your fears are, it seems to me, largely due to the fact that you naturally regard the pictures of naturist clubs in H.&E., and also the BBC programme 'Let's Go Naked' as true representations of naturist life. They are true, yes, but not really representative. The club pictures in H.&E. were naturally shot on a sunny, warm day, when all the members had stripped. On cool days you would find members wearing all degrees of clothing from full dress to complete nakedness. Some will remove their clothes as they warm up during a game (of tennis or miniten, maybe), others will have put on shorts and shirt after an exciting game so as not to cool off too quickly or, after a naked swim in the pool, so as to warm up again. You would find a

similar pattern on most 'free' beaches which, in general, unlike those at Agde featured in the BBC programme, are almost undeveloped.

That is one of the aspects of 'freedom'—an aspect which all naturists enjoy, the complete freedom to wear whatever clothes you like—or none. It is a freedom that almost all naturists exercise responsibly. By that, I

mean that, when they put on some clothes, it is in outer, not underwear, that they appear in public. I, like the other convention, also—that, if one wears any clothes, it is a pair of trunks that one dons first.

I think, like you, that the absence of clothes in artificial surroundings such as a supermarket might bother me. It would be not so much my own

nakedness (which, by the way, one forgets very quickly) as the nakedness of other people in that situation which might embarrass me.

If, however, one sleeps naked, has breakfast naked in flat or caravan, goes down to the beach naked and spends all day like that, it would seem a bit unnatural to stop to put on some clothes to pop into a shop on the way to the beach to buy sandwiches for lunch. I feel sure that you will find that your present fears are exaggerated—and as to hygiene, are the clothes we normally wear every day so germ free as your letter would imply?

You would not be the only girl wearing a bra for active games. Julie Benson, describing in the current Winter issue of 'British Naturism' how she was thrown in the deep end of naturism (and survived to enjoy it) tells how some French girls wore bras to play volley ball.

I think a parallel would apply to us men, but games involving deliberate physical contact, such as football, are seldom played in naturist clubs.

Surely the physical protection given by modern tennis gear is so small that I, for one, would cheerfully surrender it for the fun of playing naked.

Now as to your doubts regarding dancing. Where clothes are an essential feature of a dance display, such as the swirling skirt you mention, no naturist would suggest that they should be dispensed with. They are right, and proper, because they fulfil a real function. In many modern ballets, the dancers wear only a skin-tight body cloth; they could well do without their clothes, performing such dances naked with, in the case of the men, possibly a supportive jockstrap.

I think you need not be worried about nude ballroom-

# Readers Letters

addressed to: 'Health & Efficiency',  
23-24 SMITHFIELD STREET,  
LONDON E.C.1.

We ask our readers to be patient if their letter has not yet appeared. We get more letters than we can possibly publish. Type your letters if you can! Be prepared to give your name—we want to phase out anonymous letters. From this month there's a £5 prize for the letter we choose as 'The Letter of the Month.' So if you've got something special to say—let's hear it!





type dancing at a naturist club, for in my experience all such dances are held just as fully clothed as in an ordinary club.

When you get to your naturist beach, or club, remember that it is you, yourself, whom you can please in the matter of clothes—it is your freedom; what other people wear (or do not wear) is a completely secondary matter.

So go, go quickly, and please let us all know how much you enjoy your freedom.

Epsom, A. Forte  
England.

(Mr. Forte picks up our monthly prize of £5 for the best reader's letter. Why don't you sound off about anything that's on your mind? It may be worth money.—Ed.)

#### PEN PAL WANTED

I'M a habitual reader of your 'Sonnenfans' after ten years of naturism. I'm 30 years old and live in Lisbon, where you will be welcome if ever you come to this city.

Some days ago I thought that someone in your country might like to write to me in Portugal or even exchange holidays. If anyone wants to write to me it can be in German, English, French, Spanish and, of course, Portuguese.

Jose Batista

Rua B a Qta de St. Clara,  
5, 3FT, Lumiar,  
Lisbon 5.

(Sonnenfans is the German language edition of H.&E.—Ed.)

#### EUREKA LOVER

I HAVE always been interested in naturism. Through the summer months I throw off my clothes in the house or outside at every opportunity and swim naked whenever possible—not because of deep beliefs but just because I enjoy the feeling of fresh air or water around my body.

It was time I joined a club, so I sent off for an official list of clubs, and to the Eureka Group, as on the Club Directory page.

The official list had on the first page 13 rules and regulations! The majority of clubs still wished to retain their anonymity and only welcomed couples or single women. I appreciate there must be some control, but I was worried about all the officialdom.

Then Eureka wrote and asked me to phone them with any questions, which I did, and was given explicit directions on how to get there. The only rule is 'Thou shalt not annoy.'

I know who I'll be joining!  
Gloucester T.G.



#### ENGLAND'S BEACHES

I BUY your English edition, and Sonnenfans quite regularly as both are sold on different newspaper stalls in Basle. Sonnenfans has tremendously improved in the last few years.

Two things I am not happy about:

In my opinion most pictures from American clubs, as published until now in your journals, are not so much to our Continental taste. Beauty competitions are hardly compatible with the idea in the clubs that nobody has to be ashamed of the appearance of his body.

Secondly, you give hints and

maps of new free beaches. Although we are very happy on the Continent that nudity will slowly be accepted as quite human also by 'the Englishman on the street,' we are not so familiar with the geography of England that we could locate such a beach only from the reproduction of a tiny section of your long coast. Would it be possible to publish a map, say, of the South of England with only the names of the free beaches, so that the interested Continental reader will get orientated?

With kind regards,

Paul Halter

Therwilerstr. 43,

CH-4103 Bottmingen,  
Switzerland.

(I take your point, Paul, and will keep in mind your idea of publishing a map of the British Isles together with its nudist beaches. Regarding beauty contests, we think the time has come to relax. In the early days of naturism it might have been necessary to appear beyond all criticism and purer than pure. Today nudists are swimming on public beaches in this country right beside the dressed. They are the ordinary people and they love beauty contests—and we are right with them.—Ed.)



## ARTIST'S AGENT

EVERY time I open an H. & E. or any naturist mag., I am amazed at the number of lines of thought which are opened to me.

Yet some of your readers are hard put to know what to write about.

I see, for instance, that Rotherham (Yorks.) is having difficulty finding ladies who'll pose in the nude for art students.

I used to work in the coal mines near Rotherham (Barnborough Main Colliery) near Wath-on-Deerne.

Over in N.Z., photographers and artists have the same difficulty (finding models—at \$10 an hour minimum!) I decided to do something about it. I advertised for Photographers, Artists and Models to contact me. I put them in touch with each other.

It's a tricky business in 'puritan' New Zealand. Many papers are shocked at the words 'figure studies,' 'life studies,' etc., etc., and just refuse to advertise.

But we're getting there slowly. Now to Free Beaches.

Similarly, about five years ago

I placed an advert. in a N.Z. newspaper for people interested in Free Beaches to contact me. Within a few months the correspondence and enquiries were far too much for me to handle.

We now have well over 1,000 members, more than 60 (unofficial) Free Beaches, and are now an Incorporated Society.

We have nude swim nights, sauna and gymnasium evenings, organised outings, socials, etc., just like any other club.

After 5 years (or more) of lobbying, we still don't have ONE legally approved Free Beach. Sometimes I think we're better without one. The authorities (and the 'league of decency' people would probably try to confine us to ONE ONLY beach!)

I think in the final analysis it will be the public (the thousands of nudists in N.Z.) who will eventually show how stupid and behind modern thought the present laws are.

John Hemsworth

11 Glencorse St.,  
Tokoroa,  
New Zealand.

## ARMY DISAPPROVAL

AFTER reading Peter Sachley's letter I couldn't agree more that a tee-shirt/motif would be most suitable. As a single male, his idea would help to break the ice by making fellow naturists aware.

Please do not print my name as the Army frowns on my beliefs. During a recent locker inspection some copies of H. & E. were found; I am now ridiculed by the rest of the unit. I am shortly to be posted to the U.K. for which I am grateful. I am holidaying in Agde and hope to make friendships there that will last when I get home to England.

Lance-Corporal JTB

(*Mates only tease because they're self-conscious about their own bodies. Don't worry about it.—Ed.*)

## SUN LAMPS

I FIND in England I don't have enough time to get a really good tan. I wondered if one of your researchers could produce an article on sun-lamps in health centres and perhaps answer some

of the following questions: Does the sun still cause sun-burn after using sun-lamps? Why do the cheap types burn the skin? Would it help to use a sun-cream? What is the usual cost of a session under proper lamps?

I feel sure other sun-lovers will share my interests.

Orion,  
South Street,  
Boston, Lincs.

R. Lowis

(Such articles are planned. Keep reading!—Ed.)

## NEW GROUP

FIRST let me congratulate and thank you for such an excellent magazine. H. & E. is the best I have read for some time.

My reason for writing to you is the article on setting up one's own group locally. I would like to try and organise a small informal group in my area. For this purpose I have included my full name and address so that anybody in Erdington and the surrounding area who wishes to contact me may do so. If any of them have a secluded piece of





land we could use, so much the better.

I am a single male, 25, and genuinely interested in naturism, although I have yet to experience the joys of social nudity. I practice my nudism in private whenever I can.

S. P. Kerman

102 Gravelling Hill,  
Birmingham B23 7PF.

*(If any readers in the U.K. have available land suitable for naturist purposes we would like to hear about it. Write to us.—Ed.)*

#### TAILPIECE

I'M now a *jogging* Naturist,  
My clothes I've thrown away,  
It's all so beneficial,  
But where I cannot say!  
I jog along quite naked,  
My nudity announces,  
The parts of me that stay quite firm,  
And that which always bounces!  
Embarrassing?—no, not a bit.  
I answer with delight  
That if my bits do wobble  
My pieces stay quite tight.  
My skin is all a-tingle.  
And, released from clinging clothes,  
The only problem I endure  
Is—on what to blow my nose?  
Of course this naked exercise  
Has reason, I declare.  
It keeps my body slim enough  
To fit the clothes I wear.  
So, if when nude I wobble,  
My bits are in distress,  
They really do look smashing  
In a clinging evening dress!

#### MONEY FOR YOU!

H.&E. is always looking for well-written stories and articles about Naturist experiences. Whether you've had an unusual holiday, travelled the world, or tried your first ever nude swim, why not tell us about it?

Put in all the details about locations and routes, but do let us know how you enjoyed yourselves—or didn't! We like humour and wit if you don't get too blue. If you possibly can, include photos, especially of yourself.

We pay all writers, professional or otherwise, the same—£30 per 1,000 words. Photos are paid for according to size when reproduced. Send your articles to: The Editor, H.&E., 23/24 Smithfield Street, London E.C.1. Continental readers are to write in their own language—we have translation facilities.

So—get your typewriter busy on those long winter nights, Re-live your experiences and earn some money for next summer.



## YOUR MONTHLY H & E ASSURED

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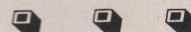
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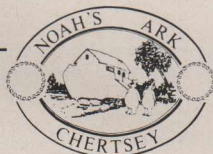
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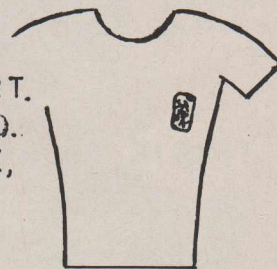
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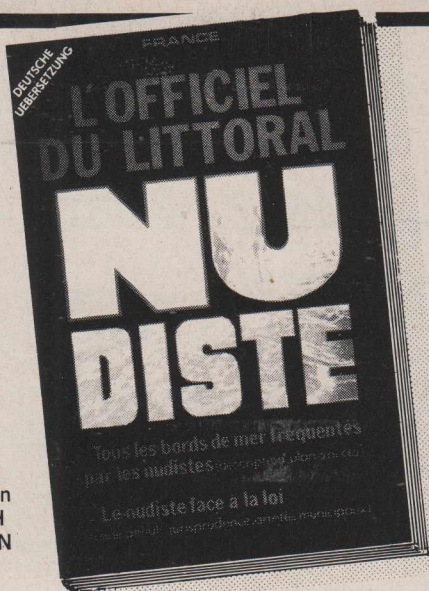
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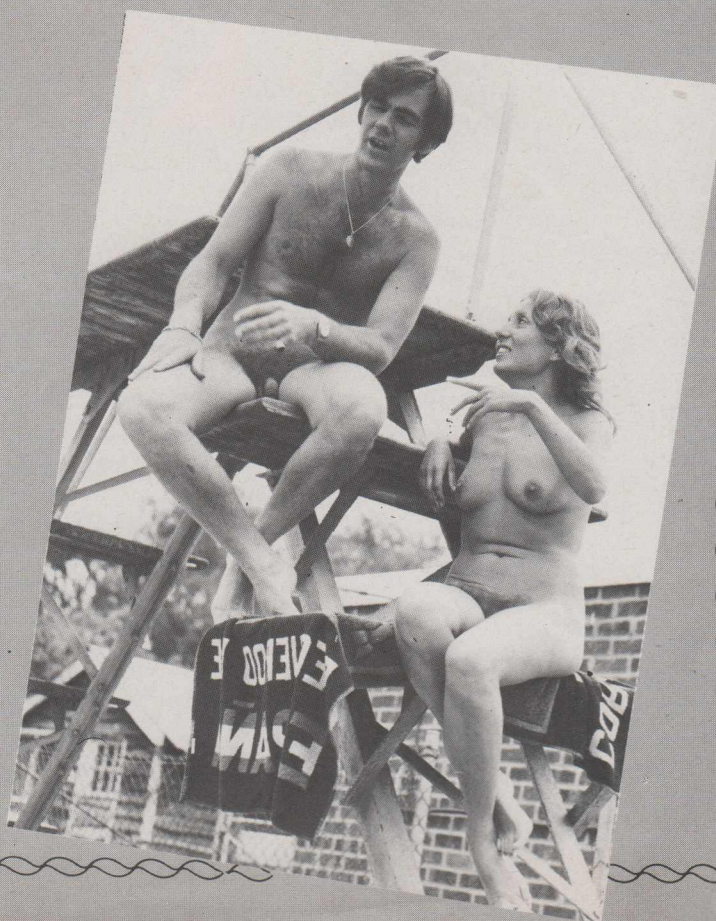


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